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Reviews by James Q. Wilson, Paul Fussell, Robert Sherrill

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by Ronald Brownstein and Nina Easton

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SNOB APPEAL

To the editors:

In his lengthy essay on the universities and the class system ("Schools for Snobbery," TNR, October 4), Paul Fussell launches an extensive ad hominem attack on me. I do not know Mr. Fussell, and he is obviously ignorant of my work at Syracuse University or anything else about me. What apparently set him off was a letter I wrote to the publisher of *The New York Times*, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, last February.

In this letter I objected to the use of the name *The New York Times* in the title of Edward B. Fiske's *Selective Guide to American Colleges 1982-83*, a work much admired by Mr. Fussell. I argued that while Mr. Fiske claimed that his book was "based on the same kind of reporting that goes into the creation every day of *The New York Times* newspaper," in fact the work was based in part on shoddy research, contained incomplete portraits of academic strengths and weaknesses, and provided arbitrary comparative judgments of faculty, facilities, and student bodies at various colleges and universities.

Mr. Fussell accuses me—"a mere professor at one of the lower ranked institutions"—of not understanding "the nature of criticism," of not knowing that "it consists of opinion and that the more opinion, and the livelier, the better." But what your readers cannot know, because they have not seen my letter, is that I suggested that "the social and cultural authority of the world's most respected newspaper" gave Fiske's enterprise "an influence it could never achieve based on its own merits," and that I followed my request for a change in title with the following statement: "If the author in question had found a publisher for the *Fiske Selective Guide to Colleges*, this letter would be unnecessary."

Instead we have Mr. Fussell observing that "to get into a lather about your own university being downgraded by some newspaper employee suggests that you are in the public relations rather than the intellect business." Some newspaper employee. With *The New York Times* in the title, this book was big news in many communities. The day before I received my response from Mr. Sulzberger, Syracuse University had been the subject of lengthy reports on each local television station and in both newspapers explaining how *The New York Times* suddenly had decided to downgrade the University. "SU—Its Ivy in Tatters" was one headline. Mr. Fussell apparently believes that the very fact that anyone would raise questions about the Fiske guide somehow supports his convoluted thesis concerning status anxieties in the American academy. Was it really status at issue here? Fiske called his book "a buyer's guide to a buyer's market." This work was no mere addition to "the lively clash" of opinion.

Did the book deserve the *Times* in its title? That was the issue raised in my letter but untouched by Fussell in his endorsement of Fiske's work. I had discussed at some length how Syracuse University had been evaluated and the many problems with the Fiske treatment, which contained numerous errors and was written with a tone of malicious condescension. It was the letter's detailed argument which I assume led to Mr. Sulzberger's response, in which he thanked me for "candor and careful presentation" and said "it is a letter such as yours which says that we have made or are perpetuating errors that demands attention."

This "mere professor" has no mysterious power to persuade *The New York Times*, in Fussell's words, that "for one institution of the higher learning to criticize another is unseemly." Instead, the *Times* was persuaded only that there were problems with Fiske's book. Mr. Fussell ignores these problems and is content to catalog once more the alleged shortcomings of Syracuse University found in Fiske's essay.

Of all the comments aimed at me and my school (which Fussell repeatedly and incorrectly refers to as the University of Syracuse—perhaps intentionally), the most revealing is his insistence that my letter was written because I "have no great confidence in the status of my institution." But anyone who knows much about academic life should recognize that those who do have anxieties about status will take a low profile in a case like this, trying to persuade themselves and others that while they may be personally "distinguished," their school finally has been exposed—and they will want to put a lot of distance between themselves and the object of criticism. Mr. Fussell, our analyst of status anxieties in higher education, cannot even get his stereotype of the status-driven academic right. Or is it that he simply cannot believe that many people will not passively accept unfair and unfounded attacks on institutions important to them?

I can only respond to the bizarre and gratuitous personal attack in Mr. Fussell's work. Your journal has a long and distinguished history. Perhaps there are some other readers who share my feeling that this sort of thing is unworthy of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

DAVID H. BENNETT
Syracuse University
Syracuse, New York

To the editors:

I wish to thank Paul Fussell for his enlightening ideas about higher education. Since we provincial boobs here at James Madison "U" do not quite measure up to the standards of Oxford or the Sorbonne, I guess we had better do some serious thinking about our future.

Certainly it is shameful that we are not located in a civilized location such as Amherst, Massachusetts, or New Haven, Connecticut. None of our students, poor souls, has ever attended Andover or Hotchkiss. And we stand guilty as charged of having graduated scores of intellectual drones who now teach in (gasp!) public schools.

Oh well, I suppose things could be worse. We could be located in Carbondale, Illinois.

JAMES CRABLE
James Madison University
Harrisonburg, Virginia

To the editors:

Paul Fussell's dissection of collegiate con is a marvel, but even he trips into a common lapse. He keeps referring to higher education. What it really is is later education.

JAMES DAVID BARBER
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

To the editors:

Paul Fussell jabs some well-whetted lances into the balloon of academic snobbery. In the same issue we learn that Leon Wieseltier joins TNR's staff as a senior editor. Credentials? He "was

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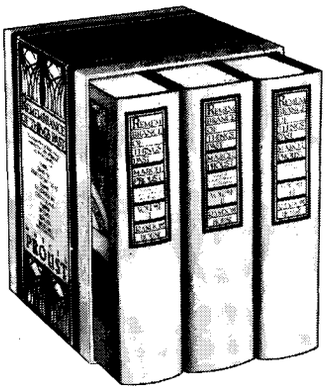

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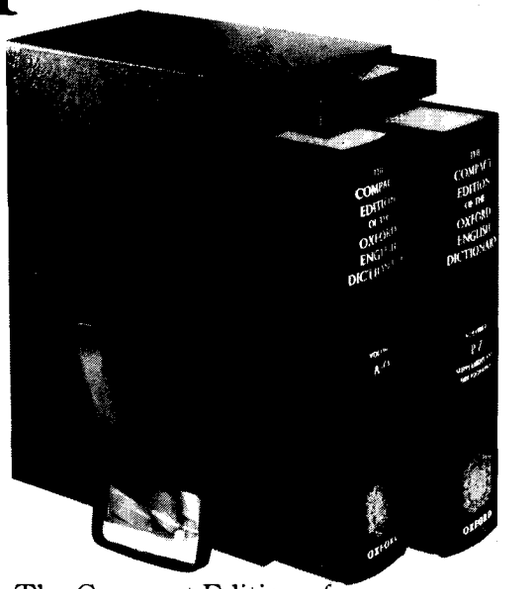

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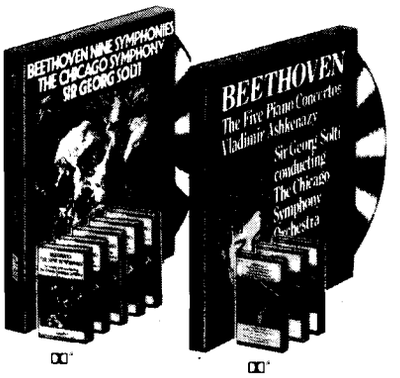
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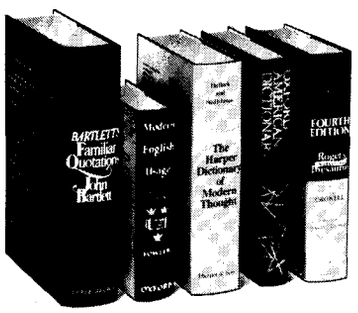
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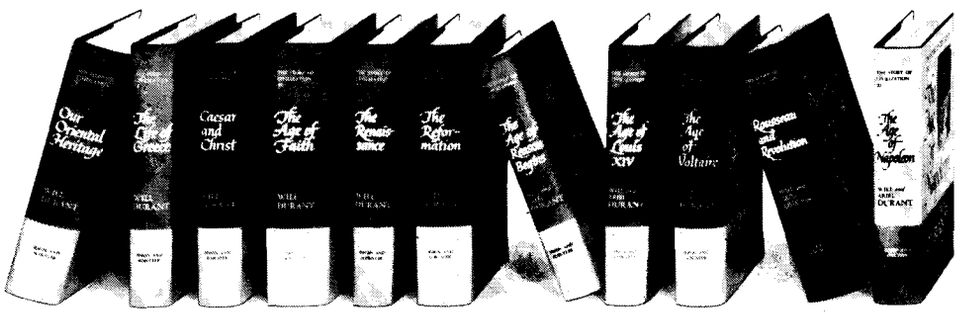

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educated at Columbia, Oxford, and Harvard. . . .'' Fine institutions all, no doubt, and I'm just as susceptible as the next guy to the swagger of a buxom resume. I've seen his stuff: Mr. Wieseltier is a fine writer. Who cares? His areas of interest or expertise? What of it? "Was educated at Columbia, Oxford, and Harvard" says it all. Mr. Fussell might have referred us to this revealing tidbit and rested his case.

DANIEL B. RUBINSTEIN
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
I found Paul Fussell's piece rather amusing, even if Yale did get nipped from behind by an underdog.

But that cover-page cartoon was another matter—clearly the scurvy work of a Harvard hireling bent on projecting an embarrassing stereotype onto the Other Place.

For shame!
For shame!
For shame!
With some misgivings,

C. VANN WOODWARD
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

To the editors:
It almost seems inevitable that "Schools For Snobbery" should come from a Rutgers University professor. It is evident that poor Professor Fussell has not been able to escape the curse of that institution, which seems forever fated to agonize over its ambiguous status position. Due to the ill-charity of its namesake, Henry Rutgers, it did not receive a sufficient endowment to remain a private institution and fulfill its destiny as an Ivy League school. As a result of the state of New Jersey's refusal to fund it adequately, Rutgers cannot take its place among the great state universities of Michigan, California, and Virginia. This leaves Rutgers very consciously envying the Ivy League and wealthy state institutions, and disparaging lesser universities that have "proliferated" within the past two hundred years. Adding to this dilemma is the general impression outside of New Jersey that Rutgers is indeed Ivy League, isn't it? Cast in such a situation, Mr. Fussell could not help but dwell on the status roles played by universities—and even project them on society at large.

America does not need the university to determine status, as Mr. Fussell has suggested, it has money for that. The universities, like everything else in America, derive their status from wealth, and merely transfer that status to their students.

TIM KELLY
Austin, Texas

GENERAL EDUCATION

To the editors:
Why does Martin Peretz ("Cambridge Diarist," TNR, October 4) persist in the illusion that the "basic humanities course" he took in college was broad, general, and universal in scope, whereas areas such as "black history" or "women's history" are trendy, limited "historical specialties"? Until college curricula unmask the truly partial, and often distorted, perspectives underlying the traditional notions of "Western history," "literary classics," and "intellectual tradition," they will continue to present an inaccurate, monolithic, and uncritical picture of human experience. And that is the greatest intellectual disservice of all.

ELISSA GELFAND
Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Massachusetts

THE VICAR'S VISITOR

To the editors:
Like you, I was first shocked that the "Holy" See had granted Yasir Arafat's request to present himself to Pope John Paul II ("Papal Profanity," TNR, October 4). That Mr. Arafat would seek a papal blessing is hardly remarkable; the leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization has learned to out-Madison Avenue Madison Avenue. But the encounter between Pontiff and terrorist is distressing only if one labors under a fundamentally flawed view of the papacy and its function.

John Paul II is no "spiritual delinquent" as you suggest. He is, rather, a faithful imitator of his Master. If the Pope has any charter, it lies in the New Testament. And, whatever the editorialists of TNR may think of those scriptures, they do mandate the shepherd to deal with the sheep—however lost and black.

Just as Attila the Hun, Henry IV, and modern Fascists and Communists have come to meet "the Vicar of the Prince of Peace," yet have come with the most tarnished of motives, so too does Mr. Arafat arrive in Rome. Because popes tend to be realists, as well as moral leaders, they know they must deal with the facts of the case—and Yasir Arafat is eminently a fact of the Middle East. That John Paul met with him in no way implies endorsement of his tactics. The Pope's motive in meeting Mr. Arafat was to exert whatever influence he can for peace in the Middle East.

It is ironic that your vituperations against Karol Wojtyla coincide with first reports of similarly "profane" actions (and inaction) by Israeli field officers aware of the massacres in Palestinian refugee camps last week. On this one, TNR has displayed an understanding of Vatican diplomacy matched only by its grasp of the New Testament. Christ ate and spoke with thieves, ransomed a murdering Jew, and confronted Satan. It is a judgment on the times that his Vicar does no less.

JOSEPH C. DAY
The Transcript
North Adams, Massachusetts

OVER THE HUMP

To the editors:
I disagree with Jack Beatty about the origin of the term "over the hump" in his review of *The American Heritage Dictionary* ("I Lost It in the Hot Tub," TNR, September 6). While certainly relevant to flying over the Himalayas, it probably had its origins in pre-World War II railroading terminology.

A hump is a high spot in a railroad classification yard. Freight cars are pushed up one side of the hump and carried down the other side by gravity, there to be switched to the opposite track while rolling under their own momentum. In this way, trains are broken up and new trains are formed.

T.D. WATKINS
Hightstown, New Jersey

TINDER AND SCHELL

To the editors:
Reading Glenn Tinder's discussion of Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* ("The Secular City," TNR, August 16 & 23), I had to ask myself: "Is there life on earth? and if so, *should* there be?"

Observing that the nonexistence of God is no more provable than is

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FROM WASHINGTON

Up In Arms

Those guileful Russians are at it again! They are trying to manipulate global opinion so that the free world will fall behind in the arms race. The October issue of *Reader's Digest* devotes fifty-three pages to exposing the plot. Ronald Reagan has also caught on to it. He had to pass through peace demonstrators to make a speech in Columbus, Ohio, last week, and he warned the audience inside that the hecklers were inspired, not by the "honest people who want peace, but by some who want the weakening of America, and so are manipulating many honest and sincere people." *Reader's Digest* makes the same charge. Yes, last March, Senators Edward Kennedy and Mark Hatfield introduced a resolution for an immediate nuclear arms freeze. The sponsors were being used, the article insists; of course the resolutions won't bind anyone but they do "significantly augment the Soviet campaign to prevent the United States from producing the weapons that would ensure a balance of strategic power."

In times past, as emotions deepened in war crises, it was often charged that the peace side was unpatriotic. Are we moving that way again? Antiwar demonstrations are going on all over the world (except, of course, in Russia) and the motive has generally seemed obvious enough. People don't want to be incinerated. But now it seems more complicated. "U.S. counter-intelligence," the *Digest* article says, "identified more than 20 Soviet agents endeavoring to influence elements of the peace movement, particularly leaders in religion, labor and science." The movement "has been penetrated, manipulated and distorted to an amazing degree by people who have but one aim—to promote communist tyranny by weakening the United States."

Just as this revelation is carried round the world by *Reader's Digest*, I receive my 1982 copy of *World Military and Social Expenditures*, by Ruth Leger Sivard, put together by World Priorities (Box 1003, Leesburg, Virginia). Miss Sivard was formerly chief of the economics division of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and when that division was abolished she took her files over to a nonprofit organization sponsored by, among others, the Rockefeller Foundation and the British Council of Churches. Her book has been published annually for the past eight years. Her elaborate tables show that global military expenditures are now running over $600 billion annually, that twenty-five million people currently serve in the regular armed services (backed three to one by reserves, paramilitary forces, and essential civilians). That's only the beginning of it.

Her organization finds "an international trade in conventional arms, now over $35 billion a year, proliferating sophisticated weapons of war into the most remote and least developed areas of the world," and "an uncontrolled build-up of nuclear weapons, at present equal to an explosive force of 3.5 tons of TNT for every person on earth."

Whew! If I were hit by 3.5 tons of TNT it would be the end of me and no mistake! And they are turning out more nuclear arms all the time. Even though I know that fear of the bomb is being manipulated by Moscow (and probably by subversive elements nearer home), I can't help worrying. Leafing through the tables, I pick out "Nigeria" at random and put a piece of paper across the page to read the table: population 74.5 million; gross national product $75.3 billion; military expenditure $1.9 billion or 2.6 percent of its GNP; money spent for health $377 million. The comparisons run from Albania to Zimbabwe.

The global cost of this extraordinary arms burden is hard to visualize. The study is not written in hysterical prose; the figures are presented matter-of-factly, though there is no concealment of the anger. "The richest fifth of the world's population has 71 percent of the world's product, the poorest fifth has 2 percent," it says. "In 32 countries, governments spend more for military purposes than for education and health care combined."

What about the two superpowers? The estimate is that the U.S. spends $122 billion for the military, or 5.2 percent of its GNP, and that Russia spends $114 billion, or 10.7 percent of its GNP. The study notes elsewhere that in America one person in seven lives below the poverty threshold; in the U.S.S.R. "the infant mortality rate is over twice the average for other developed nations." The superpowers can afford the bill more than most countries, but there is no disguising the awesome economic cost. It has probably never occurred to *Reader's Digest* that a factual article on the world armaments burden would be of interest to readers.

Jimmy Carter gets into this story, too, because he has been down in Plains, Georgia, thinking about his incumbency and writing a book about it, already excerpted by *Time*. I am inclined to think that Carter's reputation is on the mend; there is a cycle for ex-Presidents as they become elder statesmen. Harry Truman was about as far down as he could get when he left office in 1953, but he ended up in the "almost great" category of some recent historians. Carter's rating was 21 percent on the Gallup poll toward the end—"the lowest on record"—but I think he is due for a fast rise. Certainly his memoirs of the 1978 Camp David episode with Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat, when he spun agreement out of deadlock, are impressive. And he gives his views about the U.S.-Soviet relationship. "I am fearful President Reagan is not sufficiently sensitive to the consequences of excessively isolating the Soviets. We need to give them hope that through negotiation and peaceful competition we can strive for accommodation. If that hope is removed they might be induced to lash out and use their enormous capability. It would be suicidal but it is a possibility."

Is Reagan listening? I doubt it. The pre-election speeches he is giving round the country really are not worthy of the nation's intelligence. They are admirably delivered with a nice smile, a cliché or two, and a statistic that won't parse. In Columbus, he reached for that tired old one about government waste: "They found in just one six-month period thousands of people still receiving checks from the federal government and they'd been dead for an average of seven years." It's not true.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 25, 1982

GASOLINE TACTICS

In 1959, when the supply of oil seemed inexhaustible and imports to the United States were insignificant, the average price of a gallon of gasoline was twenty-six cents, of which four cents went to the federal government as an excise tax. Today, with the supply of oil uncomfortably finite and imports dangerously high, the average price of a gallon of gasoline is $1.30, of which four cents goes to the federal government as an excise tax. If the tax on a gallon of gasoline were proportional to the price, as most taxes are, then it would be exactly twenty cents. That seems an eminently reasonable figure. It would bring the price of a gallon of gas to $1.46, which is high but hardly unmanageable. And it would raise about $15 billon in extra revenues per year (the current gas tax raises one billion dollars for every penny of tax). If we did not have to worry about political constraints, we would say flatly that the extra money that's raised should go to general revenues, to help reduce the deficit. But since there is almost no chance of a gas-tax increase passing unless the receipts are earmarked, we propose the following division of revenues:

One-third to the Highway Trust Fund, which currently receives all of the $4 billion that's raised each year, and which needs the extra money just to keep the present roads in shape. Half of the interstate highway system, for example, will need major repairs by 1995, and the Department of Transportation estimates that $60 billion is needed right now to repair bridges. An extra four or five billion dollars a year would employ thousands of highway construction workers.

One-third to mass transit, which in many cities is in disgraceful shape. Cutbacks in service and fare increases have pushed the number of mass-transit riders down 5 percent in the past year. And federal funding, in dollars adjusted for inflation, has dropped 10 percent in three years.

And one-third to the Social Security system. These revenues would be used to finance a cut in Social Security taxes for people earning less than, say, $15,000 a year. The cut would give them extra money to pay for more expensive gasoline—and thus relieve a major objection to gas-tax increases in the past: that rich people can afford them, but poor people can't.

Raising revenues is only one of the virtues of increasing the gasoline tax. Another is that, by raising the price of gas by about 12 percent, the tax will discourage consumption at a critical time. Adjusted for inflation, the price of gas has fallen nearly 10 percent in the past two years, and this country faces a repetition of what happened in the mid- and late-1970s, when gasoline prices leveled off for a time, Americans went back to buying big cars, and OPEC hit us with an enormous increase in the price of crude oil. The recent decline in the price of oil comes from a decline in demand—both because Americans have gotten into the habit of conserving oil and driving more fuel-efficient cars and because there's a recession going on.

What's important is not just that Americans are using less oil but that they're using less *foreign* oil, which tends to make up the difference between domestic needs and domestic supplies. Between 1972 and 1978, U.S. oil imports doubled. But between 1979 and 1981, they declined by one-third. The decline continued during the first half of 1982. The U.S. is now importing a half-millon fewer barrels a day than it did ten years ago, but the figure is still about five million barrels. If that flow were cut significantly—through, for instance, another Arab oil embargo—this country could be in military and economic peril.

If the historical pattern holds, the recession will end, the demand for oil will increase, and we'll become even more dependent on imports (currently, a little more than one-fourth of our oil is imported, compared with nearly one-half in 1979). But by raising gas taxes now, we could reduce the demand for gasoline, both

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now and later, when the economy begins to recover. The price mechanism has proven to be the best weapon for conservation we have. We should give it a little extra nudge.

There's a minor hitch: politics. Increasing the tax on gasoline to reduce demand is hardly a new idea. Federal Energy administrator John C. Sawhill proposed it in 1975—and was fired by President Ford. In 1977, President Carter proposed a three-cent gas-tax increase as part of his energy program; it was voted down, 27 to 10, in the Ways and Means Committee. In 1980, Mr. Carter proposed a ten-cent-a-gallon fee, aimed mostly at petroleum imports, pointing out that France had a tax of $1.67 per gallon and Italy $1.92. "The oil import fee," he said, "is a symbol of our willingness to take the painful steps needed to conserve oil." But Congress, as TRB wrote in these pages, "overwhelmingly whooped him down." (See "Eyeball to Eyeball," TNR, June 28, 1980.) It doesn't like painful steps. At around the same time, John Anderson was trying to run for President with a 50-cent gasoline tax as the only memorable plank in his platform. You know what happened to him.

But this is a good time to try again. With gasoline prices falling, the tax increase wouldn't hurt as much as it would have three years ago. And, with the federal deficit so high, it seems that Congress is in the mood to pass new excise taxes: it increased taxes on cigarettes and airplane tickets in August. Finally, Drew Lewis, the able Secretary of Transportation, likes the idea. He tried to promote a five-cent increase earlier this year, then backed off in late spring when President Reagan decided he had other priorities. He's likely to try again after the November elections. The Democrats would do well to pick this issue up before Mr. Reagan gets to it—and before gas prices, which may start rising again in a few months, rule out a tax increase altogether.

Israel's Conscience

The tragedy of Sabra and Shatila has mobilized Israel morally. A full commission of inquiry has been appointed to investigate the complicity of Israel's forces in the slaughter of the Palestinians in the camps. Prime Minister Begin pointed with pride (and with hypocrisy) to the fact that the inquiry was initiated only ten days after the event. It came in the wake of the largest demonstration in Israel's history, as 400,000 people flocked to Tel Aviv to demand the truth and its political consequences. (The equivalent in the United States would have been a demonstration of twenty million people.) The anguish afflicting the Jewish world after the slaughter has resulted almost immediately in action. Israel's conscience, we are relieved to note, is as swift as its sword.

Meanwhile the spectacle of self-righteousness continues on the other side. We have some questions for Israel's critics. When did Arabs last gather to protest crimes committed by Arabs? When did they demand that Hafez Assad resign over the massacres in Hama, or in Lebanon during the years of Syrian control of the civil war? Edward Said says it is "painful" and "shameful" that there were "no significant Arab demonstrations" against Operation Peace in Galilee, but there is a sense in which it is even more painful and shameful that there were none against the death and destruction for which they were themselves responsible. It is easy to condemn other people's crimes. Let the Palestinians also condemn their own. After Sabra and Shatila Arthur Hertzberg leaped onto the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* to say that "Begin must go." After Maalot Edward Said did not leap onto the page to say that Arafat must go. Nor did he after Munich, or Lod, or the killings on the coastal highway; nor did he after Damur or the other Palestinian atrocities in southern Lebanon; nor did any other "moderate" Palestinian. Those who have spent the past decade finding excuses and extenuations for Palestinian violence are now disqualified from excoriating the Israelis. The horror in Beirut is the shame of Israel, but Israel's response to the horror is the shame of its enemies. While the streets of Tel Aviv filled with Israelis clamoring for a reckoning, Yasir Arafat was calling President Reagan responsible for the massacre before an audience of PLO supporters that included Idi Amin.

EDWARD SAID says that these Israelis in the streets were "courageous." They were no such thing. They were simply free men and women, acting according to the rules of the political system they had prepared. The undemocratic tendency represented by Defense Minister Ariel Sharon has not impaired the health of Israeli democracy, although many predicted it would. The Defense Minister was castigated even by the highest echelons of his army. A petition calling for General Sharon's resignation has been signed by hundreds of army officers; it cites a "crisis of confidence" between the high command and the Defense Minister. It is becoming increasingly clear that Ariel Sharon's career in Israeli politics is over. The commission's report may require that he retire. It would be retiring Israel's worst self.

The stain of Sabra and Shatila is still upon Israel. But it is a measure of Israel's political vigor that so many Israelis were quick to agree. The commission is composed of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Yitzhak Kahan, the distinguished liberal jurist Aharon Barak (who helped immeasurably in hammering out the Camp David treaty), and the retired General Yonah Efrat. There is reason to believe, in other words, that politics will not get in the way of justice. In a better world Israel would deserve no congratulations for undertaking to examine itself. In this world, it does.

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NOTEBOOK

□ MARIO CUOMO's victory in the New York gubernatorial primary lets Ed Koch go on being Mayor—not a bad outcome for the people of that city. It also brings a very promising politician to the fore: Mr. Cuomo is intelligent, articulate, and compassionate—one of the most attractive Democrats to come along in many years. And Mr. Cuomo's victory gives New Yorkers a clear choice. The Republican candidate, Lewis Lehrman, is no less intelligent than Mr. Cuomo and is as conservative as Mr. Cuomo is liberal, maybe more so. In a conversation with editors of this journal a year ago, Mr. Lehrman, one of the intellectual fathers of the Kemp-Roth supply-side tax cut, allowed as how Kemp-Roth wasn't going to be enough to restore prosperity—it would take a return to the gold standard as well. After some more discussion, Mr. Lehrman remarked that even Kemp-Roth plus the gold standard wouldn't do the trick. We'd need to have Kemp-Roth plus the gold standard plus "the deregulation of the labor market." It wasn't wholly clear what Mr. Lehrman meant by this phrase. At a minimum, abolition of the minimum wage. But would "deregulation" also mean the abolition of trade unions? A good question, perhaps, for Mr. Cuomo to ask Mr. Lehrman in one of their upcoming debates.

□ PRESIDENT REAGAN, whose budget deficits are the most colossal in history, thought he had a good thing going with the so-called balanced budget amendment. The House Democratic leaders, he hoped, would tie the amendment up in a snarl of procedures and keep it from coming to a vote. Mr. Reagan could then go on the stump and charge the Democrats with cowardice as well as profligacy. It didn't work. The House leadership courageously brought that mischievous amendment to a vote; more important, they soundly defeated it. They made it plain that they take the Constitution seriously: the document our soldiers swear to die for is not to be so easily defiled. We've had occasion to criticize Tip O'Neill and his colleagues in the past; this time we salute them. Bravo, Mr. Speaker.

□ "THE REASON I went into the salad-dressing business," Mimi Sheraton quotes Paul Newman as saying in *The New York Times*, "is because I suddenly realized I needed a power base." Does he have in mind the House dressing, or the Senate?

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The boy of whom I am thinking was brilliant in his studies, editor of the school paper, captain of the debating team; he had the sort of reputation that spread to other high schools; everybody said he was sure to be famous. He entered Harvard two or three years before my time and became a fairly important man in his class. When I went out for the *Crimson* (incidentally without making it), I was sent to get news about some activity for which he was the spokesman. Maybe he would take an interest in a boy from the same city, who had debated and written for the school paper and gotten a scholarship like himself. I went to his room on Mt. Auburn Street. He was wearing—and this was my first impression—a suit of clothes cut by a very good English tailor, so well cut, indeed, that it made the features above it seem undistinguished. He eyed me carelessly—my own suit was bought in a department store—and began talking as if from a distance, in a rich Oxford accent put on like his clothes. I went away with my story, feeling ashamed. Years later, when I was writing articles for a New York newspaper, I saw him again: he came into the office looking very English, like the boss's son; he was a second-string dramatic critic who would never become first string—'Too much culture,' a friendly reporter said." (Malcolm Cowley, "The Homeless Generation, Part I: Mansions in the Air," October 26, 1932.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

REAGANOMICS REFERENDUM

All the evidence valued in Washington suggests that 1982 will be a Democratic year, and the size of the prospective victory seems to get bigger by the day. The standards by which to judge the event are these: although the party out of power traditionally wins an average of 32 seats in off-year elections, the average in the *first* off-year election under a new President is 15 seats. Late last summer, the chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, Representative Guy Vander Jagt of Michigan, declared that this year his party would "break the cycle of history" by losing no House seats or even by narrowing the present 243-to-192 Democratic advantage. On the other side, Yale University public opinion expert Edward Tufte, using a calculus that combines change in Presidential job ratings and changes in real per capita disposable income, figured that Republicans ought to lose 45 seats in 1982, but because of money and advantages gained by redistricting, would actually drop 40.

Back in August, both White House pollster Richard Wirthlin and officials of the Democratic National Committee were predicting Democratic gains in the 15-seat to 20-seat range. Lately, though, Washington's conventional wisdom has turned abruptly worse for the White House and better for the Democrats. The

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President's approval ratings haven't dropped decisively (though neither have they picked up as a result of his tax fight victory and the Middle East crisis), but the polls on voter preference in the Congressional elections have tilted sharply toward the Democrats. The September Gallup poll showed voters preferring Democrats by a margin of 56 to 44 percent, suggesting a 30-seat gain. *The Washington Post*-ABC poll showed Democrats ahead by 60 to 40, and *The New York Times*-CBS poll gave Democrats a 54 to 38 edge. Publicly, Wirthlin is predicting Republican losses of "25 seats, plus or minus 10." Privately, he reportedly was telling the White House in early October to expect a 30-seat loss.

The shift of expectations from the 15-seat to the 30-seat range—and the beginning of new talk about Republicans losing control of the Senate—was accelerated by the worsening news about the economy. Economic indicators were down, and it was virtually accepted that, when new unemployment figures were announced on October 8, they would be above 10 percent for the first time since the Depression. Democratic officials were priming national chairman Charles Manatt to declare at a press conference that day: "At 8:30 a.m., Americans got mad. On November 2, they're going to get even."

REGARDLESS of the numbers, the Democrats mean to make the election a referendum on Reaganomics, and practically all of Washington believes Reagan will lose it. Television news is pounding home a message of economic pain night after night, providing the Democratic Party with better advertising than it could ever buy. And there are indications of disarray in Republican ranks, too, such as the announcement by party chairman Richard Richards that he won't seek reelection. That was taken even by some Administration officials as a sign that Richards expects the worst and does not want to be made a sacrificial lamb.

About the only place one can find a trace of optimism for the President's cause is among the bureaucrats of the Republican National Committee and its adjunct Senate and House campaign committees. And even their outlook is far less upbeat than it was when they inspired Vander Jagt to issue his "history-breaking" declaration. Nancy Sinnott, executive director of the House campaign committee, says, "When I go through the 435 races district by district, as I do practically once a day, I still have no reason to think I shouldn't be optimistic." Even she acknowledges, though, that Republican polling shows that in the 36 open districts where no incumbent is running and in the 22 districts where reapportionment has substantially changed boundaries, undecided sentiment is high and has not begun to break one way or the other. How it breaks obviously is crucial. Really bad economic news might dash even the hopes of the national committee professionals.

In spite of the generally gloomy outlook for Reaganism, there are a few reasons to think that the conventional wisdom is not necessarily correct. One item is buried in the June NBC poll. When voters were asked what they think is the most important problem for the government to help control, 43 percent said unemployment, 34 percent said interest rates, and 19 percent said inflation. However, when they were asked which problem personally affects them the most, 19 percent said unemployment and 47 percent said inflation. Inflation indisputably has come down under Reagan, and other polls indicate that the public is beginning to realize it. The Republican National Committee is exploiting it with a new series of ads showing a housewife discussing the situation, as follows: "Oh, prices are still too high, but they're not going up the way they did before we elected President Reagan. He said he'd bring inflation under control, and he's doing it. . . . I think we should give the guy a chance."

The line "give the guy a chance," invented by San Francisco media consultant Hal Larson for the Republican National Committee, and the line "stay the course," concocted for the Republican Congressional Committee by the Washington consulting firm of Bailey-Deardourff, are both positive encouragements to voters to stick with President Reagan's program. What the Republican ad makers have yet to do—but presumably will before Election Day—is to play the negative side of the inflation issue by recalling not merely the numerical levels to which inflation rose during the Carter years—18 percent at the high—but the near-panic that set in before credit controls were imposed.

IF AND WHEN Republican ads get tough on the Democrats, they will only be catching up to President Reagan himself, whose stump speeches and radio broadcasts have been withering. Reagan's theme-setting campaign speech was delivered on September 29 in Richmond, Virginia, where he said,"the choice that the American voters have this year is just as important as the one they had two years ago. It is a clear choice about the kind of nation we will be—whether we will continue our sure and steady course to put America back on track or whether we will slide backward into another economic binge like the one which left us with today's pounding national hangover."

Bad as the unemployment figures may get, and vulnerable though Reagan might seem to charges of controlling inflation by throwing people out of work, it would probably be a mistake to underestimate the persuasiveness of a last-minute Reagan television address that combined the themes of: (1) I inherited a Democratic mess; (2) you elected me to turn things around; (3) inflation and interest rates are down; (4) sorry about unemployment, but the recovery is coming, and (5) what's the Democratic alternative? Report-

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M I N I - S I Z E

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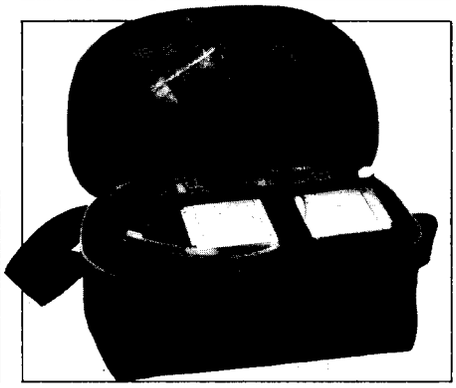

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edly there is a fight in the White House over whether the President should make such an address, but I can't believe he won't.

The Republicans have some other advantages, too. In and of itself, the legendary Republican money advantage is not all that it's cracked up to be. It's true that the official Republican campaign organizations will spend four times more this year than Democratic committees—$100 million vs. $25 million. In the last three election years, however, labor union contributions have more than made up for combined Republican and PAC donations to Senate and Congressional campaigns. What does help the Republicans is the systematic way in which money is spent. The Republican Congressional Committee, for example, has established an instantaneous computerized information network to get material into the hands of its candidates. The committee can tailor-make ads for candidates based on computer-registered polling data suggesting what issues would be most effective in the district in question. Republicans far outstrip Democrats in the number and quality of their training schools for candidates and staffs.

POLITICIANS in both parties agree that turnout is the great unknown of this election. Money counts in turning voters out by buying last-minute ads, direct mail solicitations, and phone banks. If unions and civil rights groups are fired up to register voters and drive them to the polls, that will help the Democrats, as will nuclear freeze ballot initiatives in jurisdictions accounting for a quarter of the U.S. population. The freeze draws overwhelming voter support, which the President is trying to match with his appeal for a balanced-budget amendment, which has three-to-one public support. Neither the freeze nor the amendment will accomplish its intended result, but they are the bread and circuses of the 1982 campaign. President Reagan also has been trying to recoup favor with groups that supported him in 1980 but that may be disillusioned. So-called EC-BC voters—"ethnic Catholic, blue collar"—have been turned off by the economy; Reagan is trying to get them back with tuition tax credits and prayer in schools. Hard-line conservatives feel ignored, so Reagan tried a social-issue offensive that may only have succeeded in turning off moderates and women. Small-businessmen and farmers, the heart of the Republican constituency, have suffered mightily from high interest rates; rates are coming down, but it's still not clear that this is a permanent trend. Both conventional wisdom and some less obvious factors do seem to favor a Democratic smash in November, but one shouldn't underestimate the power of Ronald Reagan to persuade people that after twenty years of Democratic Congresses, he deserves a four-year shot at turning things around.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Gannett's new game.

HI-TECH TREND-SPEAK

Somebody once asked Allen Neuharth, chairman of America's largest newspaper chain, whether his company was pronounced *Gan*nett or Gan*nett*. "The emphasis," he replied, "is on the net." Indeed it is. Gannett is known for expert marketing and mediocre journalism, and its latest endeavor is the product of both. After two years of testing, polling, designing, and revising, Gannett has launched *USA Today*, the country's first national, general-interest daily newspaper.

USA Today is meant to be a second paper for an affluent and mobile class of Americans, readers who are either traveling or have recently moved and want information from other parts of the country. It offers only glancing coverage of what papers like *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* would consider news, preferring offbeat trivia and jazzy "trends" wrapped in a hi-tech glitter of charts, graphs, and dazzling color. *USA Today* is a child of the video revolution, and the vending boxes, elevated on pedestals like motel televisions, provide a fitting metaphor for the product inside. *USA Today* is Gannett's version of "Good Morning, America"—easily digestible, visually captivating, and broadcast via satellite five days a week in living color. Television fans now can have their tube and read it too.

In an industry that has seen more than 165 papers fold or merge in the last decade, 24 of them in the last year, Gannett's ambitious plans for an unconventional paper encountered skepticism. At a prepublication staff party Neuharth joked about the atmosphere of doubt. "*Publisher's Auxiliary* said, 'How stupid do they expect their readers to be?' " he reminded his employees. "And financial analyst John Morton said, 'I just don't think there's a market out there for it.' " Gannett's task is made more difficult by the expansion of cable and network news programs, which are already drowning Americans in information, and by most readers' expressed preference for local news. Wall Street shared these doubts; last December, the week after Gannett's plans were announced, its healthy stock fell to a one-year low.

But Gannett can afford to gamble on a venture which, if successful, promises prestige and profits. It is the sixth-largest communications company in the country, owning one hundred twenty newspapers, eighty-eight of them dailies, seven television stations, thirteen radio stations, and 35,000 billboards. Its total newspaper circulation of 3.7 million exceeds that of *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Chicago Tribune* combined. Gannett enjoys one of the publishing industry's most consistent

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earnings records. Neuharth told *Esquire* magazine in 1979, "We needed Wall Street approval, and the only way to get that was with profit and predictability. Wall Street didn't give a damn if we put out a good paper in Niagara Falls. They just wanted to know if our profit increases would be in the fifteen-to-twenty percent range. Now they know."

This growth pattern has been achieved, to a large degree, by the purchase of small and medium-sized papers in monopoly markets. But sustaining this growth is bound to become increasingly difficult. With only six hundred of the country's 1,750 papers still independently owned, many of them too small to attract Gannett's interest, fewer possibilities for acquisition remain each year. Gannett's broadcast holdings are near the Federal Communications Commission legal limit, and antitrust regulations restrict the areas where it can continue to buy. Further growth may therefore be thwarted by Gannett's very size.

USA Today offers the possibility of scoring big with a moderate investment. The company has kept down costs by recruiting 75 percent of the new paper's staff from existing Gannett publications while leaving them on their original payrolls, and by making use of existing Gannett presses. The paper will be sent via satellite from its Rosslyn, Virginia, headquarters to printing presses across the country, starting this year with Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, and Minneapolis. Gannett's initial investment, estimated at $50 million over two years, could buy only another modest paper. But if *USA Today* succeeds in capturing the 2.5 million circulation it aims for, it will outdistance *The Wall Street Journal* (circulation two million) as the country's largest daily. Advertisers, concerned about the fracturing effect that cable television is having on national markets, are likely to be attracted by *USA Today*'s upscale appeal and the color reproduction it is offering with quick lead times and at competitive rates. As Gannett vice president Joe Welty noted at a promotional meeting, "Essentially what we have here is a newspaper created for the national advertiser."

USA Today is Neuharth's bid for high visibility as well as for profit. A self-made man who bears title to a Horatio Alger award, Neuharth established his reputation by starting a highly successful paper for Gannett in Cocoa Beach, Florida. But Gannett counts for little in cities such as New York, Washington, or Los Angeles. Some observers, including *Los Angeles Times* publisher Otis Chandler, regard *USA Today* as the inevitable consequence of Neuharth's desire to command a newspaper of national importance. Neuharth dismisses such notions. "The decision to do it is not based on any glandular reaction, or any knee-jerk, or anyone's ego, or the ego of any group of people," he told National Public Radio. "It's based on what we believe is a sound business judgment call." Yet there is no denying that this venture has placed Gannett—and Neuharth—suddenly in the limelight. *USA Today* was anointed at an opulent reception in a tent on Capitol Hill, where President Reagan himself climbed the podium to assure Neuharth, "You have our best wishes and we'll be rooting for you." Heady stuff, that.

But even the President's blessings cannot provide the paper with what it needs most: a serious editorial purpose. Neuharth seemed to be reaching for one in a vacuous editorial which appeared in an April prototype. After recounting a schmaltzy, cliché-ridden history of the U.S., Neuharth concluded, "Most Americans want more togetherness. They want to learn even more, go even more, do even more, be even more—together." *USA Today*, he says, will help out by providing a "mirror that reflects all of our images, inspects all of our problems, projects all of our opportunities, respects all of our people. *USA Today*, the Nation's Newspaper, hopes to help foster and finalize the unification of the United States." A tall order, even for Horatio Alger.

Of course, what *USA Today* really hopes to foster, if not to "finalize," are Gannett's enviable profit margins. With columns such as "Topics: Reports on health, science, education, law, religion, and more," *USA Today* feeds its do-more, be-more, learn-more audience with fun facts to know and tell, quick reads, and fads-at-a-glance. The editors explain that what *USA Today* offers is a "special-spin" on the news. It's enough to make you dizzy. *USA Today* loves lists: "grammar hotlines" across the states; how much Americans paid for flowers and plants as compared to magazines,

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newspapers, and sheet music; the comparative costs of hamburger in Atlanta and Portland. And it loves celebrities, featuring columns such as "Insiders," "Newsmakers," and "People," which provides "a look at the famous and the fascinating." Other "special-spin" items include a full-page "Accu-weather" map that broadcasts in multi-tone Technicolor, and four pages of state-by-state shorts, two for news and two for sports. These pages clue us in on items such as the high school cross-country rankings in Florida and a "misshapen, knobby" potato crop in Presque Isle, Maine. All this leaves us laden with isolated "facts," but lacking the selection and interpretation that give those facts any meaning. So what if the potatoes in Presque Isle are misshapen and knobby?

ALTHOUGH eager to cover all the trends, *USA Today* sometimes overlooks real news. After the slaughter of hundreds of Palestinians in Beirut's refugee camps, "the Nation's Newspaper" led with: 40 MILLION TAKE TIME FOR SPORTS. The assassination of Lebanon's Bashir Gemayel was relegated to page nine so it wouldn't crowd the coverage of Princess Grace's death on page one. In chatty tones, *USA Today* reports that Jimmy Carter is spending the rest of his life "steering a one-of-a-kind research center to study, understand, and perhaps solve pressing world problems," and that Imelda Marcos, "has developed a fondness for luxury which sometimes clashes with the abject poverty of most Filipinos." This may be what editor John Curley meant when he said, "We aren't going to ponder the world's imponderables on a daily basis."

While publishing empires such as those ruled by Luce and Hearst often served as platforms for personal political causes, Gannett's pursuit of profit is unaccompanied by a specified political agenda, and the Gannett papers enjoy considerable independence in their editorial voices. No effort was made to tailor the *USA Today* editorial page to a preconceived spot on the political spectrum; in fact, at one point Gannett considered leaving it out altogether. The page they created is run by John Seigenthaler, formerly a Robert Kennedy aide and currently editor and publisher of one of Gannett's most respected papers, the Nashville *Tennessean*. Seigenthaler recruited a ten-member editorial board, which purposely includes representatives of opposing ideologies and which functions by consensus. So far, *USA Today*'s editorials have had a mildly liberal tint—calling for a jobs bill, supporting FTC regulation of the American Medical Association, and opposing tuition tax credits and school prayer. The page is unusual in that it focuses on a single issue each day, recruiting guest columnists of varying viewpoints; surely it is the only paper in America that can claim to have run Ronald Reagan, the Moral Majority, and atheist leader Madalyn Murray O'Hair side by side on the issue of school prayer. The columns of commentary are short, simple, and, for the most part, mediocre. The editorial page has its own "special-spin" quirks, including a (bad) joke box and a daily sample of random opinion, accompanied by close-up photographs which line the bottom of the page. Consider this comment on the NFL players' strike by James Percy, age 12: "I like football because I like to watch Dallas beat everyone and I like it because it's fun."

Seigenthaler realizes these features invite ribbing from newspaper traditionalists, but defends *USA Today* against charges of superficiality. "The question is, 'What's the commission of the paper?' It doesn't make any pretense to fill the needs *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post* does. There's nothing in that paper that I liked when I first picked it up. My news biases came into play." For all its silliness, *USA Today* does do some things well, and it sells for only 25 cents. Twelve pages of sports should placate all but the most diehard fans. A late 2 a.m. deadline allows the inclusion of late-breaking news, and, more important, West Coast scores. And the paper's flair for statistics and visual presentation sometimes results in comprehensive listings of data, like election results and movements of industry groups on the stock exchanges. Gannett says it is not competing with local papers but a reporter at *The Atlanta Constitution* was surprised at his editor's directive to produce a blockbuster issue the day *USA Today* hit town. Whatever their view of the product itself, most newspaper enthusiasts welcome any sign of life in an ailing industry.

IT IS TRUE that there are worse papers in the country than *USA Today*. But none has the same potential to influence the future of American journalism. The real significance of the Gannett venture is perhaps yet to be witnessed. News industry economics and technology make it natural for chains and conglomerates to consolidate their command of the flow of information. To compete with television, newspapers are under pressure to make the news easier to consume—simplifying coverage, while titillating and amusing the reader. With *USA Today*, Gannett is already producing that kind of journalism. And the combination of instantaneous satellite transmission and a multiplicity of local printing plants raises a further possibility: turning the entire Gannett chain into a vehicle for *USA Today*, with perfunctory versions of the local papers thrown in as inserts or wraparounds. This would make Gannett the journalistic equivalent of Burger King. The trimmings might vary, but you'd always get the same cardboard hamburger. Should this scenario evolve, the threat to journalism as it is practiced in this country would be profound indeed. For the moment, the marketing talents of Gannett have given us the brightest, slickest, and fastest, product on the streets, a paper of hi-tech and trend-speak. But apart from "Buy Me," does it have anything to say?

JASON DEPARLE

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Power and insularity in the Reagan Administration.

THE CULTURE OF REAGANISM

BY RONALD BROWNSTEIN AND NINA EASTON

OPULENT AND SHELTERED, Bohemian Grove may be a fitting symbol for the culture of the present Administration. In private life, several of Ronald Reagan's closest aides—and the President himself—frequented this most exclusive of exclusive clubs, nestled in the redwoods of northern California, and in public life many of them continue to do so. Attorney General William French Smith is a long-time member. Just six days after taking office, Secretary of State George Shultz, another regular visitor from his days at the Bechtel Corporation, retreated there, towing along West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Henry Kissinger, and World Bank president Tom Clausen. Bohemian Grove offers many pleasures to the barons of the business and government world: plush furnishings, free-flowing drink, freedom from prying eyes, and the chance to trot around al fresco if the mood moves them (no women, of course, are allowed). But above all it offers a chance to belong.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

For many top Reagan officials, holding high public office appears to be nothing more than another comfortable status symbol. Few of those we interviewed displayed any burning urge to public service, or even the sense of noblesse oblige that often accompanies great wealth. When we asked the heads of the domestic regulatory agencies what they hoped to accomplish in office, almost invariably they responded: streamline the agency, manage it more efficiently, reduce the burden on business. They did not talk about pursuing the statutory goals of their agencies, whether it be reducing death on the highway, keeping workers safe in the factory, or protecting communities from toxic waste dumps. Some seemed anxious to get the whole thing over with and move back to the private sector, where their newfound connections and credentials will prove lucrative. Former undersecretary of the Treasury Norman Ture, who was primarily a corporate consultant before entering government, has already taken that route; he's back in business on Connecticut Avenue. Lyn Nofziger, until recently Reagan's in-house political adviser, is also a high-priced consultant. Mike Deaver, the White House deputy chief of staff and a man of previously modest means, has announced that he will follow. Many others complain about the cuts in salary they were forced to take when entering the government. A few months ago, Fred Fielding, who was a prosperous corporate lawyer before becoming

Ronald Brownstein and Nina Easton wrote *Reagan's Ruling Class* (Presidential Accountability Group).

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the President's counsel, was treating a guest to lunch at the White House Mess. "What does a meal like this cost?" the guest wondered. "Oh," replied Fielding, "about $250,000 a year."

Reagan has gathered together a government of extraordinary wealth. About thirty of the top one hundred officials in the Administration are millionaires. At least twenty-two are multimillionaires. Little of this wealth is inherited. And little is a product of success in the industrial heartland of Republican lore. (See "How They Came By Their Millions," page 20.) Reagan himself made his first million through land speculation deals engineered by William French Smith in the late 1960s. The majority of Reagan's aides made their way selling or advising or serving as cogs in giant enterprises, rising up through the hierarchy. There are only a handful of individual entrepreneurs, and these have been relegated to lonely outposts like the Government Printing Office, the General Services Administration, and the Small Business Administration.

NOT ALL of the top Reagan officials share these characteristics, of course. Some are ideologues come to Washington to do battle with big government or with fuzzy-headed advocates of détente. A few are academics who look on Washington as a chance to test their novel political and economic theories. But the governing culture of the Reagan Administration is a corporate culture—acutely sensitive to hierarchy, uninterested in (and generally distrustful of) public opinion, secretive, and deeply skeptical about all functions of the government that impinge on the prerogatives of private business. It is a culture that breeds decision-making behind closed doors, and that tends to reduce conditions of poverty, unemployment, and other unpleasant social realities to distant abstractions.

In his analysis of corporate culture, *The Gamesman*, Michael Maccoby wrote that few of the hundreds of corporate managers he interviewed "mentioned helping other people as a goal in their lives." Maccoby concluded that the very process of corporate advancement made managers remote from the problems of others. "The process of bending one's will to corporate goals and moving up the hierarchy leads to meanness, emotional stinginess, but not full-blown sadism," he wrote. "Careerism demands detachment. . . . The process of detachment as it occurs in the corporate career builds a shell around the heart."

Many Reagan Administration officials detach themselves from the "product" of their actions—increased hardship for the very poor, for example—by aggressively explaining those problems away. The President regularly retorts that his program hasn't actually hurt anyone. Martin Anderson, the President's original domestic adviser, once declared that poverty had been "virtually wiped out in the U.S." The new Census Bureau figures, showing that the number of Americans living in poverty in 1981 was the highest since 1967, the early days of the Great Society, probably would not change Anderson's mind. As Maccoby wrote: "The managers made no effort to learn the social/human effects of their actions in the United States and the rest of the world. So long as they remain unaware and unrelated, they avoid having to accept responsibility."

Thus can Ford B. Ford, chief of the Mine Safety and Health Administration and a former management consultant, lament the recent upsurge in mining deaths ("This has been terrible," he told *Business Week*), and then continue to cut back mine inspections. Similarly, OSHA director Thorne Auchter, a former construction company executive with no background in the science of occupational health, remains ignorant of the field while in office. "I'm not a scientist," he told us. "I'm a manager and regulator." One high OSHA official said: "Auchter does not want to understand [occupational health]. It's a nuisance to him. It's time-consuming. . . . His tolerance for scientific discussion . . . is very low." We received a glimpse of that attitude when we asked Auchter what he thought of an estimate prepared by the National Cancer Institute and the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health, which linked up to 38 percent of all U.S. cancer cases to occupational exposure—a figure that some people see as an argument for stringent OSHA standards. The data is "probably very soft," he replied. "It's an estimate, I'm sure there are others." When we pressed a bit further, he acknowledged that he had not read the report.

Before Attorney General Smith came to Washington, he sat on the board of the Pacific Lighting Corporation, which owned an agricultural subsidiary called Blue Goose. Blue Goose relied heavily on illegal aliens for citrus harvesting outside Phoenix. According to Don Devereaux, who organized farm workers in that area, conditions at Blue Goose were "terrible." Blue Goose, said Devereaux, "used almost entirely Mexican nationals [as workers] who had to live on the ground without housing, toilets, or drinking water. And the pay was substantially less than minimum wage."

While Smith was a director, Pacific Lighting took Devereaux and several other organizers to court for obstructing Blue Goose's operations by publicizing the workers' plight. During his 1981 confirmation hearing, Smith maintained that the employment practices of Blue Goose "to the best of my recollection did not come to my attention." One must assume that Smith was telling the truth. Impoverished illegal aliens sleeping and living in open fields without sanitation or drinking water is not the sort of thing that gets discussed at Bohemian Grove. For a man like Smith, a rule of thumb is never to venture too far from the numbers in the annual report.

There is a certain safety in numbers—particularly numbers of dollars, which can serve to blur the realities of official action. The Administration's requirement that health and safety regulations pass a cost-benefit test—in which the costs to industry are

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invariably accorded greater weight than the difficult-to-quantify but tangible benefits to society (such as reduced death or injury)—is one example. Federal Trade Commission chairman James C. Miller III, a long-time opponent of federal regulation, has advocated the use of personal protective equipment, such as respirators, as a substitute for engineering controls that remove pollutants from the workplace. Workers and industrial hygienists have argued that respirators, though cheaper for industry, are extremely uncomfortable—so much so that workers often remove them—and are considerably less effective in practice than in laboratory tests. But even a visit to a coke oven did not change Miller's mind. "Is it a fair statement to say the coke oven workers do not wear respirators and do not want to?" Miller was asked during a 1976 OSHA proceeding. He replied: "On our visit, Dr. Fair emphasized that in the summer it is very hot and it is very uncomfortable wearing these things." (Miller himself wore the respirator only "10 or 20 percent" of the time.) Questioned about the discomfort of the respirators, he later remarked: "Perhaps we should rename the agency Occupational Safety, Health and Comfort Administration."

Anne Gorsuch, the tight-lipped administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, demonstrates an-

FLUSH BUT COY

On September 22, in confirmation hearings before the Senate banking committee, Martin Feldstein, President Reagan's nominee for chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, engaged in a colloquy with Senator Donald W. Riegle Jr., Democrat of Michigan. As we pick up the dialogue, the Senator is asking a question.

SENATOR RIEGLE. [Y]our staff . . . said your net worth was in excess, apparently, of a million dollars. Is that accurate?

MR. FELDSTEIN. I don't think that's accurate.

SENATOR RIEGLE. What would you put it at?

MR. FELDSTEIN. I would put it somewhat less than that. Not a lot less than that. Less than a million.

SENATOR RIEGLE. But in the range of a million?

MR. FELDSTEIN. Somewhat under a million, but in the range.

SENATOR RIEGLE. Is it above $900,000?

MR. FELDSTEIN. I don't know. It really is a complicated thing to calculate because you think about things like pension benefits, valuing a house, and all that. But say somewhere over three-quarters, over $750,000.

SENATOR RIEGLE. Well, that's a very substantial net worth. That would certainly put you, I would think, in the top 1 percent and maybe the top 2 percent of individuals in the United States, and I think that's a very fine accomplishment.

But this Administration, in my view, is top-heavy with millionaires, multimillionaires, or near-millionaires, which by itself wouldn't mean anything if there was a discernible sensitivity about what's happening to people who are not millionaires in this country.

(After a five-minute wrangle about economic ends, the discussion returns to Mr. Feldstein's means.)

SENATOR RIEGLE. Now let me cover one other thing here because I have in front of me your own net worth statement. It's confidential and I'm not going to reveal the numbers here to this committee. I assume you prepared this.

MR. FELDSTEIN. I did with counsel.

SENATOR RIEGLE. I assume the numbers are accurate.

MR. FELDSTEIN. I believe they are.

SENATOR RIEGLE. The numbers show a net worth well in excess of a million dollars. Now is that something that you're not aware of, or is this document wrong or is your earlier answer just not correct?

MR. FELDSTEIN. I believe the document you have there is right. But what I said before about the conceptual problem of how you handle pensions, how you handle shares in corporations that are not publicly traded is a difficult thing to value.

SENATOR RIEGLE. But Dr. Feldstein—

MR. FELDSTEIN. I'm happy to live with that number.

SENATOR RIEGLE. No, but let's be very direct and honest with one another. You put this statement together and that's the purpose of the statement, to take things that are difficult to quantify and to quantify them. And you've quantified them. I would assume that this represents your best professional judgment.

MR. FELDSTEIN. It is what my lawyer told me was the best way to answer those questions. They are, really, accounting questions rather than economic questions as to how you define—

SENATOR RIEGLE. Well, is this an accurate statement?

MR. FELDSTEIN. It is. It is. I have no problem with the statement.

SENATOR RIEGLE. Well, but you do have a problem.

MR. FELDSTEIN. I'm sorry that I didn't remember the amount before because it's not a number that I had ever calculated in that way before. I never had occasion before to do that kind—

SENATOR RIEGLE. But you've seen this document.

MR. FELDSTEIN. I have indeed. I signed it.

SENATOR RIEGLE. And you're familiar with it.

MR. FELDSTEIN. Yes.

SENATOR RIEGLE. And it does, in fact, show a net worth well in excess of a million dollars, does it not?

MR. FELDSTEIN. If you say so. You have it there. I believe it.

SENATOR RIEGLE. Let's get off on an honest footing with one another here because if we can't agree on something as simple as this—

MR. FELDSTEIN. I believe it, sir. I believe it.

SENATOR RIEGLE. I want you to see it, because there shouldn't be any ambiguity about it.

(Pause, during which Senator Riegle walks the document over to Mr. Feldstein at the witness table.)

SENATOR RIEGLE. So the number is clear, I take it, to you. Take a look at that document.

MR. FELDSTEIN. It's clear.

SENATOR RIEGLE. Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

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other facet of this culture, a mean-spirited (and often misplaced) Horatio Alger ethic. Maccoby found that these feelings are not unusual in the corporate world: "Many managers—probably the majority—would be just as happy if all the unneeded people disappeared. . . . In no discussion with corporate managers have I found any serious consideration that the same factors favoring their success may make it harder for others outside the corporate system to live their lives."

When Anne Gorsuch was a state legislator in Colorado, she led a bitter and ultimately successful fight to eliminate the Colorado Commission on Women. Long after the struggle was over, Josie Heath, who had directed the commission, said: "She sat there and told us any woman worth her salt doesn't need the commission; she could make it on her own just like she [Gorsuch] did. But she came from a well-to-do family. All the doors were opened for her. She didn't make it on her own."

THESE TRAITS exert a two-fold influence. First is a pervasive, though unstated, belief that the poor are poor because they deserve to be. (See "Ideologies of Survival," by Robert B. Reich, TNR, September 20 & 27.) One House environmental aide who has met with Gorsuch said, "She's got a marketplace mentality: the strong will survive, the rich will survive, and the poor will suffer like they should." From the President (to whom the help wanted ads are daily evidence of sloth among the unemployed) to David Stockman (who provided a battle cry for the Administration in his famous rejection of entitlements) the Reagan culture places a premium on toughness, on what many members of the Administration would call finally coming to grips with the way the world works—a premium, in other words, on recognizing that certain people succeed because they are better, and that others lag behind, living off the dole and draining away money from investors who could take chances, make fortunes, and reinvigorate the economy. Central to this argument is the unshakable confidence of those on top that the system which produced their success must work.

This vision is pervasive among Reagan's top aides, most of whom lack personal experience of the problems they are now legally required to address. Neither William French Smith nor his assistant attorney general for civil rights, William Bradford Reynolds, a fellow millionaire and corporate superlawyer, has any discernible personal experience with discrimination, even at second hand. Reynolds, scion of a politically connected and wealthy family (his mother was a DuPont), came to his job not only without personal experience, but also with no background in civil rights law and no particular interest in the issue.

"There is no discrimination in Palm Springs," said Robert Plotkin, a career attorney who quit the division after Reynolds's confirmation. Erwin Griswold, the former solicitor general in the Nixon Administration who recommended Reynolds for a different Justice Department post, said: "I don't think he has very broad experience in civil rights matters. But then stop and think about it for a moment: do you think they [the Reagan Administration] are going to appoint someone with extensive civil rights experience to head that division?" Reynolds has enraged civil rights organizations not only through his broad-scale shifts in government policies, but also through his pronouncements downplaying the problem of discrimination.

Who in the Administration is available to temper this imprudent official? Certainly not Smith, who regularly rejects criticism of his civil rights policies (though he has steadfastly refused to resign from the California Club in Los Angeles, which admits neither women nor blacks). Certainly not Reagan, whose gubernatorial campaign speeches contained stock condemnations of those who turned city streets into "jungle paths" after dark, and who himself sprang the Administration's most damaging civil rights blunder when he decided the government should grant tax-exempt status to schools that racially discriminate.

Indeed, insularity persists throughout the Administration. Robert Nimmo, who has just resigned as veterans Administrator, is a World War II-era veteran and former California state legislator who accused Jane Fonda of "treason" for her opposition to the Vietnam War, and alienated Vietnam vets almost immediately upon taking office by characterizing the skin ailment associated with Agent Orange exposure as little more than "teen-age acne." John Block, who ran a huge modern farm, has been pointedly insensitive to the problems of the dwindling family farm, and also dismantled the department's nutritional efforts, whether aimed at middle-class consumers or at the poor. During his confirmation hearing last year, Block said, "I know they are not the same, but hogs are just like people. You can provide protein and grain to a hog and he will balance his ration. . . . People are surely as smart as hogs." From such a world view, it is only a short step to labeling ketchup a vegetable.

INSULARITY is at the heart of a second trait in the Reagan culture: the search for personal luxury in an era of cutbacks. Most of Reagan's aides have failed to discern that the luxuries they enjoyed in the corporate world might cause a stir when enjoyed at public expense—especially during a time when the President was asking poor children to reduce the portions of their school lunches.

CIA director William Casey summed up the Administration's apparent attitude when we asked him why he had kept personal control of his investments. His immediate predecessors, including George Bush, had put their holdings in blind trusts, fearing that the vast quantities of classified information they received would inevitably entangle them in conflicts of interest. "I don't see why I should be picked on," Casey said

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How They Came By Their Millions

Of the 100 officials we profiled, 28 are millionaires, 22 are multimillionaires, and several more are likely millionaires. In calculating their net worths, we used the *lowest* figure in the range provided on their 1981 financial disclosure statements. If an official checked assets of between $50,000 and $100,000, we used the $50,000 figure. The last category on the form is "over $250,000," which leaves in question the full extent of their wealth. Here's how the 28 undoubted millionaires got their money:

THORNE AUCHTER, assistant secretary of Labor for occupational safety and health, a former executive in his family's construction company, holds stock in that firm worth more than $1.5 million.

JAMES BAKER, White House chief of staff, was a corporate attorney at Andrews, Kurth, Campbell & Jones. He is also heir to a multimillion-dollar family fortune.

MALCOLM BALDRIGE, Secretary of Commerce, was chief executive officer for Scovill, Inc., a conglomerate which under Baldrige moved out of brass and into corn poppers and blenders. He earned between $1.5 million and $2.5 million in 1981 in addition to his government salary.

JOHN BLOCK, Secretary of Agriculture, expanded the 300-acre farm he took over from his father in 1960. He is worth at least $3.2 million.

WILLIAM BROCK III, U.S. trade representative, inherited an interest in his family's Brock Candy Co.

JAMES BUCKLEY, State Department counselor, inherited his wealth from his family's oil empire. Including his wife's and children's holdings, Buckley is worth over $1.2 million.

ROBERT BURFORD, director of the Bureau of Land Management, is a former Colorado state legislator and rancher who has made a great deal of money buying and selling land. According to an Interior Department filing, he is worth "several million dollars."

WILLIAM CASEY, Director of the CIA, was a Wall Street lawyer and speculator who has been involved in several lawsuits brought by investors when companies he helped found went belly-up soon after he recovered his investment. Worth more than $3 million, he has a wide range of holdings.

W. KENNETH DAVIS, deputy secretary of Energy, was a 20-year Bechtel employee who built the firm's nuclear business. Davis is worth at least $4.5 million. In 1981 he earned a $115,000 "salary bonus" from Bechtel.

RICHARD DELAUER, undersecretary of Defense for research and engineering, worked his way up TRW, Inc., a major military contractor, rising to executive vice president. His estimated worth is over $2.1 million.

RAYMOND DONOVAN, Secretary of Labor, was a long-time executive of Schiavone Construction Co. in New Jersey and is worth over $2 million.

WILLIAM DRAPER, president of the Export-Import Bank, was a California investment banker and is worth at least $4.5 million.

JAMES EDWARDS, Secretary of Energy, was a successful dentist with extensive real estate holdings around Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina.

J. LYNN HELMS, administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration, formerly president of Piper Aircraft Co., earned $394,046 in 1980 and is a multimillionaire.

DONALD HOVDE, undersecretary of HUD was a real estate developer from Madison, Wisconsin and is worth at least $2 million.

DREW LEWIS, Secretary of Transportation, was a successful businessman and business consultant with extensive oil and gas holdings. He earned nearly $1 million in 1981 above his government salary. His wife and children have trusts worth almost $5 million.

PAUL NITZE, ambassador to the long-range theater nuclear force negotiations, made his fortune as a Wall Street investment banker in the 1930s. He is worth at least $5.5 million.

EDWARD NOBLE, chairman of the Synthetic Fuels Corp., is an heir to his father's oil money and has investments in a shopping center and a motor hotel chain.

VERNE ORR, Secretary of the Air Force, formed a Chrysler dealership with his father. He has investments in a broad range of firms.

SAMUEL PIERCE, Secretary of HUD, was a corporate lawyer who has sat on the boards of several major companies, including Prudential Insurance, GE, and International Paper.

DONALD REGAN, Secretary of the Treasury, was chairman and chief executive officer of Merrill Lynch, the parent of the world's largest stock brokerage. During fiscal year 1980, the company paid him $954,986. He has publicly suggested his total worth to be $35 million.

WILLIAM BRADFORD REYNOLDS, assistant Attorney General for civil rights, was a corporate attorney with Show, Pittman, Potts, and Trowbridge and is worth at least $1.7 million.

THOMAS ROBERTS, commissioner of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, ran Southern Boiler and Tank Works, a company formed by his father. He is worth at least $2 million.

JAMES C. SANDERS, administrator of the Small Business Administration, is one of the few entrepreneurs among Reagan's top men. He co-founded an insurance partnership in San Jose, California. His net worth is at least $2 million.

JOHN SHAD, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, an extremely successful Wall Street executive, spent the past 18 years running E. F. Hutton's merger business. He is worth at least $12 million.

GEORGE SHULTZ, Secretary of State, earned his wealth after resigning from the Nixon Administration in 1974 to join Bechtel, where he later became president. In addition to his salary from Bechtel, topping $880,000, Shultz collected stock holdings in the company, putting his worth at over $2 million.

WILLIAM FRENCH SMITH, Attorney General, was a corporate lawyer who earned $325,000 from Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher in 1980 and $115,000 in director's fees from such firms as Pacific Lighting, Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, and Jorgensen Steel.

CASPAR WEINBERGER, Secretary of Defense, left his post at HEW in 1975 to join Bechtel, in a newly created position of "special counsel," and was elected vice president and director. In 1981 Weinberger listed assets worth over $2.2 million, plus a $1.1 million income from salaries as director of Bechtel, Quaker Oats Co., Pepsico, and Illingsworth Morris Ltd. In the month before he assumed office, Weinberger received another $94,000 from Bechtel.

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indignantly. "People have said just because I might get a lot of information I could use [I should establish a blind trust]; well, that isn't the standard. The whole Congress gets a lot of information, loads of people, many people in the CIA get a lot of information."

Reagan's old friend, Charles Z. Wick, the former bandleader who is now director of the International Communication Agency, declared early on that economically pressed Americans enjoyed watching the extravagant Washington style of the Reagan Administration, much as Depression-era Americans flocked to gala Hollywood openings. During the summer of 1981, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger (another multimillionaire) took his family to Bar Harbor at government expense—five times, at a cost of about $20,000. To address a business group, Commerce Secretary Baldrige chartered a flight to Tucson at a cost to taxpayers of $11,243. Veterans Administrator Nimmo spent almost $50,000 to redecorate his office and the rest of the tenth floor of the V.A. building. And until the press caught wind of it, Nimmo had himself driven to work by a chauffeur, running up an overtime tab of almost $10,000. His predecessor, a triple amputee wounded in Vietnam, drove himself to work.

Nimmo was not alone. The Treasury Department spent $58,196 on chauffeur overtime in 1981, twice as much as in 1980. Drew Lewis and his deputy at Transportation spent $38,125 on overtime, half again as much as in 1980. (The lunches of Lewis and the other top officials at DOT are cooked by six members of the Coast Guard at an annual cost of $110,000.)

Nor was Nimmo the only one to order expensive office redecorations. According to records obtained under the Freedom of Information Act by the Better Government Association, William French Smith spent over $4,000 to build himself a *second* private dining room. Baldrige spent over $118,000 to touch up his office. Consumer Product Safety Commission chairman Nancy Harvey Steorts, who received unwelcome publicity for redecorating her office when budget cuts were forcing the agency to close half of its regional offices, told us the improvements were necessary, in part, because there were "bloodstains" on the wall.

THESE DAMAGING SYMBOLS demonstrate how difficult the transition to public life has been for many of Reagan's chosen. Aloof and accustomed to the trappings of boardrooms, these men and women have found themselves thrown into a spotlight and told that their responsibility is to the broader public. Together they have rebelled. Reagan Administration officials cooperate with Congress as they might with stockholders, giving information grudgingly. But they seem to believe the public has no more right to information than it did from their former firms. That mood permeates the Administration, from its attempts to weaken the Freedom of Information Act to its strengthening of classification procedures.

On a personal level, the resistance to disclosing information is striking. While overseeing the President's regulatory review program at OMB in 1981, James Miller exercised a virtual veto over proposed regulations, but refused to keep a log of his outside meetings. Only after persistent inquiry by a Congressional oversight committee did Miller disclose his meetings in early 1981. They included the Chemical Manufacturers Association, the American Mining Congress, the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, General Motors, Ford, Atlantic Richfield, the Business Roundtable, and International Paper. Many of the meetings came shortly before White House actions on regulations that affected the companies. Miller's successor at OMB, Christopher DeMuth, told us that a requirement that he, like regulatory officials, keep a log would be "very, very burdensome." Partly for this reason, the Congressional Research Service has condemned the new regulatory review process for lacking "safeguards against secret, undisclosed and unreviewable contacts by governmental and non-governmental interests seeking to influence the substance of agency actions."

PERHAPS THESE OFFICIALS are taking their cue from a President who, as Governor, denounced the Sacramento press corps in 1970 for "demean[ing] itself a little by engaging in invasion of privacy." The press had just revealed that despite his hefty income and heftier assets, Governor Reagan paid no state income taxes that year. It should scarcely be surprising, then, that President Reagan is considering a proposal to eliminate the financial disclosure forms that top government appointees are required to fill out each year. The thread that runs through these examples is an apparent belief that the public has no right to know. Sometimes this is made explicit, as when the President told a press conference that the American people knew all they needed to know about Alexander Haig's departure. At other times it is implicit, as in policies like the Administration's desire to restrict the Freedom of Information Act.

In either case, this exclusionary ethic is at the heart of the Reagan culture. It harkens back to the search for status; much of Bohemian Grove's allure, after all, is that not everyone can get in. Three years ago, no less a political commentator than Jeane Kirkpatrick wrote, "The problem is that the Republican Party has not articulated any inclusive vision of the public good that reflects concern for the well-being of the whole community." In the hands of Ronald Reagan's many men and few women, this problem has reached a new refinement. In their economic and regulatory policies, in their insularity, and above all in their persistent abstraction and denial of human suffering, they have propagated "a vision of the public good" that requires the exclusion of the broad segment of the public whose experience is unlike their own.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Handful of Stars

Yes, Giorgio
(MGM/UA)

Céleste
(New Yorker Films)

Burden of Dreams
(Flower Films)

In *Yes, Giorgio*, Luciano Pavarotti sings "Cielo e mar" (*La Gioconda*), "Donna non vidi mai" (*Manon Lescaut*), and "Nessun dorma'" (*Turandot*)—and sings the last one twice. I nearly flew through the roof of the screening room four times.

No one would call Pavarotti a subtle musician, not even a subtle opera tenor, but when he opens that throat, Niagara floods out, in silver. And the Dolby Stereo recording doesn't exactly impede it. He sings other pieces in the film, including routine rousers like "O Sole Mio" and "Mattinata," but those three arias are reason enough to go and bathe. Besides, if you've ever seen Pavarotti on TV talk shows, you know that he has a certain amount of conscious but effective charm.

What's amused me almost as much as the film is its critical reception. Reviewers have been lambasting the script for being tacked together and trite—just as if they had expected a screenplay that was carpentered for an opera star's film debut to reach Chekhovian depths or Shavian heights. And this scolding comes from some of the same luminaries who gurgled at *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Barbarosa*, which were weary retreads without even the rewards of the Pavarotti throat. Opera stars have been appearing in flimsy scripts ever since sound came in, so that we could hear them sing. (At least two opera stars, Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar, made silent films!) Who remembers anything about the pictures of Lily Pons and Grace Moore and Ezio Pinza and John McCormack and Lauritz Melchior other than the sound of their voices? To my knowledge, only one opera star, Feodor Chaliapin, made a film memorable for more than his singing, *Don Quixote* (1933) directed by G. W. Pabst, but Chaliapin's titanic presence would have made anything memorable.

Still, the fretting about the script of *Yes, Giorgio* is funny. This is a picture in which the hero and his lady friend are in a hilltop mansion outside San Francisco, and in the morning he says to her, "Come, I take you for a glass of wine," and we cut to a multicolored balloon floating up the coast to a vineyard while his voice pours out of the balloon's basket. The film is practically *telling* you not to pay attention to the stuff between the singing. If you like Pavarotti's voice, go listen.

Archaeological Note: One of the conductors who appear in the film is Emerson Buckley, who also conducted all the prerecording (which is when the singing is really done). In 1946, for six months, I wrote and directed a half-hour weekly radio show, a kind of serial musical; and Buckley often conducted the orchestra. He used to say that the ability to accompany singers was a special gift in a conductor. He had the gift then, and now he has it even more clearly. I'm sad to report, however, that, unlike me, he has aged.

One of my favorite memoirs about a great artist is *Monsieur Proust* by Céleste Albaret, who was Proust's housekeeper from 1913 until his death in 1922. She was a country girl who married Proust's chauffeur, moved to Paris, and was brought into Proust's home for a few odd jobs. He responded to her with such affection that she eventually became his most trusted servant, even—as far as possible—his confidante. Céleste worshipped the ailing man and understood his consecration to his work without necessarily understanding the work itself (though Proust never patronized her). In 1972, when she was 82, she dictated her memoirs of Proust to a French editor and translator named Georges Belmont because she thought it needful that the facts about Proust be known in order to explode myths and theories. Her book is no substitute for George D. Painter's masterly biography, but it's an endearing supplement.

Now from Germany—from Germany, if you please—comes a lovely film, called *Céleste*, derived from her book. Percy Adlon, a maker of documentaries for German TV, has written a script that concentrates on the last few years, and he has directed it with a sense of stillness that is gripping. Two rooms necessarily are the scene of most of the action: the kitchen, where Céleste sits waiting for Monsieur to ring for his coffee and croissant (once she has to wait so long that she dozes and falls off her chair); and the dark bedroom where she serves him, tidies his bed, helps with his asthma inhalations, and responds to his gratitude with affectionate simplicity.

In a practical way, she also helps him with his writing. As we know, Proust kept adding bits to manuscripts, scribbling addenda on odd pieces of paper. Céleste devised what she called the "concertina"—she pasted the bits to the edge of the manuscript in the right places, in sections that sometimes unfolded for three feet. Principally, what's established is that she knew and he knew that she was fulfilling a double role, mother and child. In manner, he always treats her as a friend who graciously assists him. When the string

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Birgit Haas Must Be Killed. And must be seen—if you like intelligent well-made political thrillers. French agents in Germany trap a German terrorist.

E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial. Never mind the praise *and* dispraise; by now it's a social necessity. Likable despite the fact that it sometimes tries hard to be likable.

Fitzcarraldo. Werner Herzog's saga of a fantastic Irish adventurer in Peru c. 1910. Klaus Kinski is frenetically perfect in this imperfect but passionate romance.

Lola. Fassbinder's version of *The Blue Angel*, set in 1950s Germany, done in 1940s Hollywood style. Very well acted.

SK

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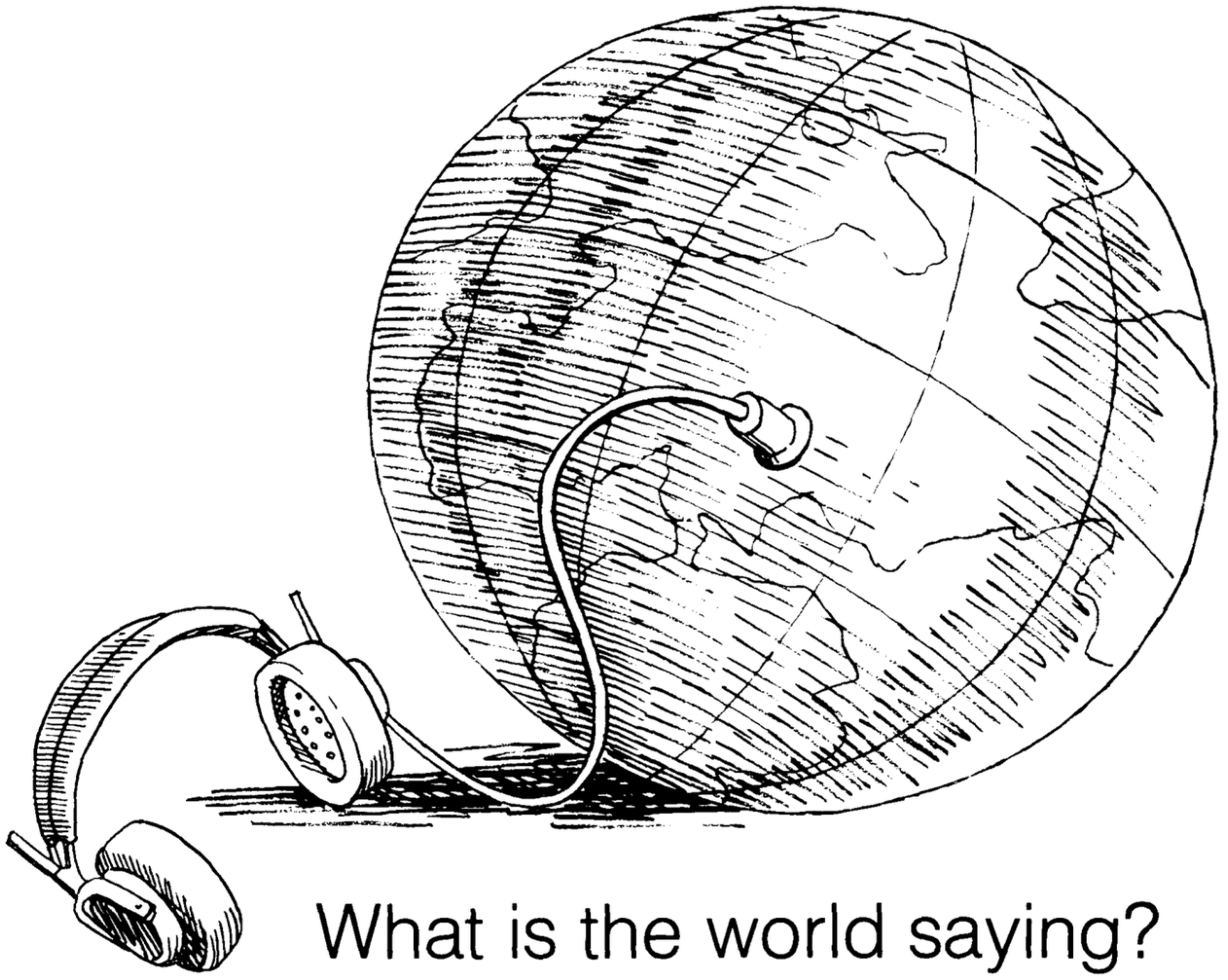

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quartet comes to play for him (would the cellist have been a woman?), Proust sees Céleste at the door of the drawing room and invites her to come listen with him.

Adlon has directed with a vitalizing respect. Outside of a few fancy touches that leak in occasionally, he has kept to a well-sustained adagio feeling, made dynamic by a conviction that he is dealing with an important moment in Western civilization. He is much helped by Jürgen Martin's exquisite lighting—for example, the very first shot in which Céleste, arms folded, sits next to the kitchen table just *outside* the lamplight, as if to signify that she is attending a brighter presence.

The two central performances are flawless. Jürgen Arndt plays Proust. It's the first time I've seen him except for a few small stage roles—he was in the Bavarian State Theater company that visited New York in 1966—and he is plainly an actor of inner resource and imagination. He counterpoints perfectly the two elements of physical weakness and secret strength; and we understand from Arndt that Proust is "writing" his bodily life as he is writing his novel about it, designing both to end simultaneously. Mysteries and excellencies resound from that recumbent and gently demanding figure.

Céleste is played by the wonderful young German actress, Eva Mattes, previously seen in Fassbinder's *Jail Bait*, Herzog's *Woyzeck*, and several other films. With crystal understanding, Mattes has gone straight to the core of Céleste, settled there, and has let every manifestation, vocal and physical, follow from that residence. This Céleste knows that she may not understand the complexities of Monsieur's greatness, but she understands the fact of his greatness and the honor of her place. After Monsieur's death she snips off a lock of his hair and gives it to his brother, Robert; then she snips off a lock for herself. In the last shot she looks at the wisp of hair in her hand, and her face is not in the least sorrowful. She is happy: she knows that she has been privileged and that everything has ended as it was meant to end.

Last week I mentioned a documentary about the making of Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo*. I've now seen it. *Burden of Dreams* was made by an American named Les Blank who, with collaborators, spent almost as much time in Peru as Herzog and who has come back with a unique chronicle, not very well shot or painlessly edited but generally fascinating.

I've read that even this version, longer than the one shown on PBS, has been laundered to cut out some of the rougher stuff. (Only incidentally do we learn near the end that accidents killed people.) Still, *Burden of Dreams* has three chief values. It shows that the departure of Mick Jagger, whom we see briefly, couldn't have been the disaster for the film that Herzog called it; in several shots it shows that Jason Robards couldn't possibly have given the performance that we get from Klaus Kinski in the title role; and the interviews with Herzog, done over many months and inevitably containing contradictions, show a temperament that one might not have expected. I've heard him speak previously so I wasn't surprised; still it's extraordinary that this whole strenuous enterprise should have been conceived and led by a man of such gentle demeanor. I'm sure that there's iron in him and that there were plenty of times when he showed it; nevertheless, it's a paradox.

I recommend seeing *Burden of Dreams* after seeing *Fitzcarraldo*, as I did. Why go backstage before the show?

THE FIX

The Heroin Solution
by Arnold S. Trebach

(Yale University Press, 352 pp., $24.95)

Drug Abuse and Alcoholism
by Joseph A. Califano, Jr.

(Warner Books, 301 pp., $3.50)

The Hardest Drug: Heroin and Public Policy
by John Kaplan

(University of Chicago Press, 264 pp., $20)

The popular mind deals with the heroin problem as it deals with horror movies—alternately fascinated and repelled, but ultimately bored, and so its attention is episodic. The makers of horror movies can revive their genre whenever they suspect the public is ready to be frightened again, but the horror of heroin is continuous and implacable. No one knows how many heroin addicts there are, but a consensus estimate would be around half a million, with about half of these in New York. More compelling than the statistics are the destroyed communities in parts of the Bronx and Brooklyn, in areas of Washington, D.C., and in many other cities.

A priest in the South Bronx put it this way to Joseph A. Califano Jr., when the latter toured the area as a consultant to the governor of New York: poverty, racism, and the shortage of jobs "run down the neighborhood, make people bitter, make their lives harsh." But "heroin destroyed this area. Heroin put despair in the eyes of the people. Heroin turned children into zombies." Dealers offer heroin on the steps of churches to people leaving Mass. They sell to addicts lined up on street corners. They distribute it to people who use it in abandoned buildings that have become "shooting galleries."

But the problem comes into public and political focus only occasionally. When I wrote an article on the subject in 1972, it evoked a flood of mail and an invitation to chair a national commission on the problem. When I wrote another article three years later in which I said that the problem had become worse, there was no response. The national commission had been disbanded and the daily press was not interested. The reason, I think, is obvious: when a problem touches the lives of compara-

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tively few people, most of whom are isolated in inner-city areas, we will from time to time "discover" the problem and, if we are so inclined, treat it as a crisis. But a crisis mentality, like any strong passion, cannot endure, and so the matter slips away, to await rediscovery by the purveyors of "new" horror stories.

We should count ourselves fortunate, therefore, that three new books on this subject should, in different ways and in service of very different conclusions, be the product of remarkably intelligent and sophisticated analyses. John Kaplan, a professor of law at Stanford University, has written an exceptionally clear and accurate summary of what we know about the drug and its effect on people and on crime rates, and a balanced account of our efforts to treat addicts and curb trafficking. Arnold S. Trebach, a professor at the School of Justice at The American University, has written an intellectually honest defense of the "British system" (or at least of the British system as it once was) for handling addiction, and though I disagree profoundly with his policy views, one must admire his willingness (as so few advocates of the old British system do) to concede its problems and to recognize the widespread opposition in Britain itself to any easy conclusion that the system is a success and ready for export. Joseph Califano has produced a report for the governor of New York on heroin dependence (and on alcoholism) that, though simplistic in many of its details and perhaps too quick to accept the claims made on behalf of various drug-abuse prevention programs, nevertheless manages to avoid much of the ideological thinking that so often encrusts this topic, and in the process forcefully reminds us of the scope of the problem and the cost of indifference.

The books come to quite different conclusions. Trebach would like this country to try a decentralized version of the British system by allowing doctors to prescribe heroin for any patients, including addicts, under their care. Califano strenuously opposes heroin maintenance and calls for a renewed effort to do more of what we have done in the past—interdict supplies, break up street trafficking, provide treatment programs, and invest in drug education and prevention. Kaplan believes that heroin maintenance will probably make matters worse and suspects that increased support for past policies will not make matters much better. He avoids any large proposals because there are no obviously good ones ("if the heroin problem were an easy one," he writes, "we probably would have solved it by now"). He reminds us, however, that things may slowly get better as more young people turn away from heroin (as seems to be happening), as we learn more about what treatments are effective, and as new narcotic antagonists (drugs that block the effect of heroin) are perfected.

NONE OF THE AUTHORS, including Trebach, makes an argument for legalizing heroin. That argument comes naturally to libertarians and easily—too easily— to people who suppose that all the ills we associate with that drug arise from the fact that it is illegal, that some addicts steal to support their habit, and that the distribution system is wholly in the hands of organized criminals. These people should at least pause and wonder why no nation, including England, has ever made heroin freely available over the drug counter. While it is true that heroin, by itself, does not cause, so far as we know, any organic illness and could, in principle, be taken safely (that is, without destroying tissues or creating a disease), its *use*, and especially the setting in which it is used, is far from benign. Its intravenous use over the course of time can lead to vein damage and embolism, to the extent that a long-term user becomes a mass of sores and scar tissues. Death due to respiratory collapse can come to users as a result of an overdose, and we cannot be certain—even using pure, as opposed to street, heroin—what constitutes an overdose. English addicts, even when heroin was easily available to them from legal channels, had a death rate that was *twenty-eight* times higher than that of the general population.

Moreover, addicts run a real risk of infection from the use of unsterile needles or (the same thing) from sharing needles used by others. Libertarians will object that this would easily be prevented by allowing addicts to take their injections from sterile needles in clean hospital rooms. Such a prediction reveals a gross ignorance of the sociology of heroin dependence, an ignorance Kaplan is at pains to correct. Drug dependence occurs because it is pleasurable, intensely so, at least for addicts who are on a "run." Like most pleasures, the value of this one is sharply affected by the setting in which it occurs. Heroin users wish to be in familiar surroundings, often with friends, to follow an elaborate ritual, and to remain more or less sedentary while experiencing the drowsy, detached dreaminess that follows the initial "rush." To suggest that many would do these things in a hospital room with a nurse looking on is about like suggesting that a man and a woman would as soon have sexual intercourse in a medical school classroom as in their own bedroom.

But the most important reason why dependence on heroin is not benign is because it harms—in the case of a person using the drug on a daily basis, often destroys—the dignity, autonomy, and productivity of the user. Not all addicts are daily users and not all casual users become addicts, but for a large proportion of users, the pursuit of the heroin "high" becomes an all-consuming one, to which all other matters—family, friends, job—are subordinated. Since tolerance to heroin increases with increased use, more and more heroin must be taken to achieve an equivalent high until at some point the high proves elusive and one continues to take the drug—every six hours, every day of the week—merely to avoid the pains of withdrawal or to savor the ritual of the needle. Strict libertarians may grant this but argue that every person has a right to destroy his dignity, autonomy, and productivity if he so chooses, provided he does not hurt anyone else. But a society organized along strict libertarian lines is possible only in the imagination of Murray Rothbard. For one thing, a nodding, uncaring, unproductive man or woman *does* do harm, and in the most painful ways possible, because the harm is to the emotions as well as to the prosperity of persons—children, spouses, friends—who care about and depend on him or her. For another, any society that is wholly in-

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different to the moral status of its members is no longer a society, but a collection of ants. Rational, perhaps, even industrious, but having no culture to which it can assign value and thus no basis for instructing its young save in the arithmetical skills necessary to add up the "costs" and "benefits" of alternative courses of action.

But even this would be a manageable problem if the number of addicts were manageable. Suppose that some few persons, for biological reasons or because they were otherwise ill or defective, became regular heroin users but nobody else did. This would create a social cost, not a social crisis. But so far as we can tell, persons dependent on heroin are not radically different from the rest of us and do not suffer from some clear personality disorder. Moreover, every study of the spread of heroin of which I am aware is in agreement that its use spreads through social contact and recruitment. A heroin epidemic is a collection of mini-epidemics in which one user, who is still in that brief state in which he enjoys both heroin and the company of nonusing friends, persuades some daring or thrill-seeking companions to share his happy experiences. The extent to which that initial experience leads to regular use depends on many things, but one of the most important is the sheer availability of the drug. When cheap, high-grade heroin was easily available in Vietnam, a very large fraction of our troops there—according to one study, as many as a third—became users to some degree. When they returned to the United States, the drug was scarce and hard to find, at least for persons who had not been users before going overseas. Heroin use dropped sharply as a result, so that hardly any soldiers who were not users before being sent to Vietnam came home to take up the life of an addict.

Physicians are much more likely to be dependent on drugs (often Demerol, but sometimes morphine) than are other occupational groups because the drugs are more available to them. Kaplan makes these points, to which Trebach, in effect, responds by saying that mere availability and even social pressure does not always produce drug use. Quite true. I am regularly in the company of friends who try to turn me on to the pleasures of oysters on the half-shell. They smack their lips while eating them, press samples on me, and assure me that "just one won't hurt" and that they know a good connection from which further, cheap supplies can be had. I resist. I am a dedicated finicky eater. So also do some people—in places, whole cultures—resist heroin. That fact does not alter the truth of the contagion model of heroin dependence.

LEGALIZING HEROIN would vastly increase its use—no one knows by how much, but scarcely any expert denies it would be by a large factor. I make this point, not because Trebach favors legalization, but because many of the same considerations must be brought to bear on his proposal for an American effort along the lines of the former British system. I say "former" because the British themselves have largely abandoned their past practices, a fact Trebach admits and deplores. That earlier system—what I will call "Brit I"—allowed individual physicians, first all physicians and later only those practicing in licensed drug clinics, to prescribe heroin to their patients who were addicts if, in their medical judgment, and after every effort had been made to free the patient from his addiction, the patient could not be safely withdrawn from the drug and was capable of leading a "fairly normal and useful life" while taking some of the drug.

When this policy originally was in force, England had only a handful of addicts, and most of these were "therapeutic" addicts—that is, people, often middle-aged or elderly, who had acquired their habit as a result of being treated with an opiate to relieve pain while in a hospital. By the 1960s, young people, often rather disreputable ones, were appearing at the doors of doctors seeking prescriptions for maintenance doses of heroin and expressing little interest in treatment. A few doctors obliged by passing out the prescriptions in wholesale lots, sometimes for mercenary reasons, sometimes for altruistic ones. A decision thus was taken to limit

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The scent of pencil, a house full
of felt erasers and tacks your father carried home
each day from school. This stinks,
this long division, this history.
If only they'd play
Duke of Earl or *Lucille*, yeah, *Lucille*
for you now, you'd forgive the lashing
every afternoon from the tails of commas. If only
Sea of Love would come through the grid
of this maroon transistor you hollowed out
Silas Marner in hardbound for, shaving away
plot and parts of your thumb and fingerprint
with his blue blades. Upstairs,
you wring the gooseneck lamp with both hands
and point it at the school board's surplus desk.
You're in the margins of your text, white
and slick as hoods of Pontiacs you'll take her
home in, past your father's house,
her books in the back on yours like sets
of fractions. You'll hit the black teeth on the dash,
and before the falsetto leaves
the static cardboard throat of radio
and leaps like a tongue in the ear,
you'll say to her "Garnett Mims
and the Enchanters."

BRUCE SMITH

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the issuance of addict-maintenance prescriptions to specially designated government clinics. All doctors continued to have the ability to use heroin, where professionally indicated, in the treatment of nonaddicts, such as terminal cancer patients, persons severely burned, or persons recovering from serious surgery.

It was at this point that so many American visitors to England began returning filled with praise for the "British system." Curiously, but little noted by the travelers, the British themselves had quite mixed feelings about it and were decidedly opposed to touting it to their American cousins. The reason for these qualms is central to any understanding of a doctor-managed heroin maintenance system. The young street addicts and the clinic doctors were in an adversarial relationship. A doctor wanted the patient to stop using heroin or at least to cut down on his use. But the patient often wanted more heroin, not less; more produced a better high, and some of the additional drug could be sold on the black market around Piccadilly Circus to support the addict's living expenses. Even addicts content with a maintenance dose found that their idea of what that dose should be and the doctors' idea were sharply at odds.

A KIND OF bargaining relationship developed in which the doctors found themselves cast in the role not of healers but of skinflints, while the drug users were increasingly viewed not as patients but as hustlers. As a result, many clinics—in time, most—began shifting from prescribing heroin to prescribing methadone, a synthetic opiate with some but not all the features of heroin. Initially, the methadone was given intravenously even though it had always been given orally in the United States. One reason for its intravenous use in England may have been that, when taken through the veins, it produces a high (though not as good a one as heroin, hence its much lower price on the black market). If the addict could get a high, he would still return to the clinic. Oral methadone produces scarcely any high at all, though it does prevent the withdrawal pains that occur when heroin use ends. If British doctors gave oral methadone, they might lose their patients; if they gave intravenous heroin, they seemed to make no medical progress. Faced with this dilemma, more and more clinics, frustrated with their lack of success and by the shabby, hustling clientele with whom they daily had to deal, began shifting to oral methadone.

The use of methadone, especially oral methadone, in English clinics signaled the advent of the second British system—Brit II. Trebach, as I said, deplores this shift, but conscientiously and carefully states at length all the arguments the British doctors have made against Brit I and even against his belief that heroin has certain advantages as a painkiller in treating seriously or terminally ill patients. Trebach thus carries a heavy load in his concluding chapters—he must persuade an American audience to adopt a system (Brit I) that the British themselves have by and large abandoned, and to do so in a country, the United States, where heroin addiction is not a small problem but a major public health catastrophe involving not thousands of people but hundreds of thousands.

In trying to make his case, Trebach readily concedes that heroin mainte-

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nance—that is, allowing doctors, individually or in clinics, to prescribe maintenance doses in accordance with their medical judgment—will not end the black market in heroin. It certainly did not prevent it in England. The growth of young, thrill-seeking addicts in the 1960s was accompanied by the growth of a drug underworld, even though prescriptions for heroin were available, often at zero cost, from those doctors willing to distribute them. A black market flourished in these circumstances for two reasons. First, people wanting to *become* addicts had to find their heroin somewhere other than from a doctor, who is obliged to give it only as a treatment, not as a candy. They found it on the black market. Second, many addicts were dissatisfied with the size of the dose they persuaded a doctor to give them, and they supplemented their dosage from the black market. The supplies from the black market came from smuggling, from overprescribing by a few unscrupulous doctors, and from addicts selling a part of their legal doses on the black market.

In an ideal world, as my colleague Mark Moore has argued, we might want to have two separate markets for heroin. One, for confirmed addicts, would feature low prices and ready availability, so that addicts would not have to steal to feed their habits. The other, for nonaddicts and novice addicts, would feature very high prices and restricted availability, so that these people would find it very difficult to become addicts. But there are several things wrong with such an ideal arrangement, as Moore acknowledges. For one thing, it is impossible to avoid leakage between the low-price and the high-price markets, as the British discovered. People getting the cheap stuff will have an irresistible incentive to sell some or all of it on the high-priced market. Indeed, since they would be getting it cheaply, they could afford to sell it at prices below those now charged by organized criminals, thereby forcing down that price, and thus increasing the supply of new addicts. (Contrary to what many assume, the demand for heroin, within limits, *is* price-elastic.)

Another problem is that the cheap availability of heroin removes one powerful incentive for addicts to become ex-addicts. We now know that addiction need not be permanent (though organized cures are difficult to arrange) and that the amount consumed by even a heavily dependent user can fluctuate greatly from month to month. One reason that many addicts join drug-treatment programs is that they become sick of the hassle of getting heroin. Removing the hassle is tantamount to removing an important reason to seek help.

Finally, a society cannot rely on moral suasion to deter young persons from becoming addicts (the preferred libertarian policy) if we say to them, "Should you find our arguments about the evils of heroin unpersuasive, we will make the drug freely available to you." Such an argument ceases to be a moral one, and becomes instead a hypocritical one.

BUT WHAT about crime? Would not all the costs of heroin maintenance—the larger number of addicts, the reduced incentives of seeking cures, the loss of the moral stigma we now attach to addiction—be outweighed by the reduction in predatory crime? The answer is—we don't know. We cannot say with confidence how much of the present street crime is the result of the illegality of heroin, though without doubt some is. We know that addicts on a "run"—that is, shooting up several times a day—are much more likely to steal frequently than are addicts not on a run. But not all addicts steal to support their habits and not all addicts are on a run. As Kaplan makes abundantly clear, any decision in favor of making heroin more cheaply available must be based on the judgment that the gains in crime reduction and in an improved lifestyle for some addicts will outweigh the losses attributable to an increase in the number of addicts; as far as I know, there is no evidence to support that judgment. Trebach assesses this balance differently than I. Neither of us can prove the other wrong.

Faced with this uncertainty, some people (among them, three New York Representatives) have proposed that we try an experiment. Trebach, by suggesting that we turn the whole matter over the states and eliminate, as far as possible, any federal role in drug enforcement, is saying something similar. As a social scientist, I am ordinarily strongly in favor of experiments as a way of finding out the best approach to human problems. But this may be one problem about which we can learn very little from an experiment—or worse, we may well learn the wrong things. Provisionally opening one heroin maintenance

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clinic, or authorizing one county to allow its doctors to prescribe heroin, may well work without harmful side effects. It will be a small effort, fairly easily controlled. It will attract talented and enterprising people to manage it. It will probably be located in an area with a relatively small addict population (for reasons to be made clear in a moment). One experiment will not materially weaken society's claim, presented to its members, that heroin addiction is a serious moral wrong. All very tidy, with a neatly bound consultant's report at the end.

But what we want to know is not whether an experiment will work, but what will happen when we allow thousands of physicians or hundreds of clinics to prescribe heroin all over the country. We want to know what will happen when ordinary people with ordinary motives do this outside the daily scrutiny of an interested public. How much heroin will be stolen, diverted, overprescribed? How much will seep into the inevitable black market? How many new addicts will be recruited as a result? No experiment can answer these questions.

Let me cite, as did Califano, the words of Representative Charles Rangel from Harlem, for a better understanding of the kinds of concerns an experiment would have to answer—but could not:

> They're talking about my people. It's like saying "Let all those people who use heroin—it's a limited problem and only affects blacks, the minorities—let them have it. As long as they have it they won't be bothering me. . . . Whether or not it destroys them, destroys their lives, that's *not our problem.*" . . . And suppose a 14-year-old kid comes in and says he wants some heroin. You say, " No, you're too young. Come back when you're 16." So he comes back when he's 16, and you say, "No, you're not an addict. Come back when you're an addict." So he goes out and becomes an addict, shoots up, and then he comes in and says, "O.K. Can I get free heroin?" And you say, "Fine. Now you're qualified."

Many black leaders already view the methadone maintenance program—I think wrongly—as an effort by whites to pacify, even stupefy, blacks. One need not imagine what they would say about heroin maintenance. Representative Rangel has said it for them. Or as John Kaplan puts it, "heroin maintenance is, in many ways, like euthanasia. It is perhaps a good idea if all the details can be worked out."

JAMES Q. WILSON

James Q. Wilson, Shattuck Professor of Government at Harvard University, is the author of *Thinking About Crime* (Basic Books).

WILDE WITH COCKTAILS

The Noël Coward Diaries
edited by Graham Payn and Sheridan Morley

(Little, Brown, 704 pp., $22.50)

At first I thought I wouldn't like this book, anticipating—correctly, it turned out—yards of theatrical gossip and name-dropping, the unrelenting celebration of great moments in the author's social life, and the general flight from the significant to be expected in an artificer of lyrics and light comedies. But I changed my mind fast when I also encountered the author's pleasure in reading James's *The Portrait of a Lady*, Wordsworth's longer poems, and Keats's odes, and found him saying that Congreve's *Love for Love* is "appallingly overwritten," a fact that requires intelligence and taste to perceive and a degree of cultural bravery to say, even in a diary. By the time I found Coward observing of the sacrosanct Spoleto Festival that "there is a slight but perceptible smear of amateurishness over the whole affair; earnest, humorless, and very, very American sincere," he had me hooked. Indeed, the big surprise in these diaries is finding what a good critic and acute, skeptical thinker Coward could be, despite such simultaneous vanities as constant supping with the "darling" Queen Mum and having his wattles trimmed off by the plastic surgeon. He was doubtless "an entertainer," with all the pejorative implications. But he was also a shrewd and principled intellect, and that's the astonishment.

These diaries begin in 1941 and go on until 1969, three years before his death. Until the middle 1950s, entries are sketchy—mere annals of parties, opening nights, plays and films attended. And certain leitmotivs recur tediously: Coward's annoyance at critics patronizing his later work; fears of not having enough money in old age; the ruination of theater by the institution of noisy, ignorant theater-parties; the tendency of nice people to die early, leaving bores and horrors surviving in perfect health. But as Coward grows older the diaries begin to fill with ideas and critical reactions and speculations, and it's here that they exhibit an admirable mind. For one thing, his taste, if sometimes reactionary, is often very impressive. Not always, for he thought *Waiting for Godot*—obviously a threat to his kind of theater—"pretentious gibberish," and considered the Beatles—clearly a threat to his age-group—"talentless."

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, he knew, even when Henry Fonda was alive, that the greatest actor in the English-speaking world was Laurence Olivier; that Mailer's *Deer Park* is "a vulgar pornographic essay in exhibitionism"; that Billy Graham in performance reveals "cruel eyes and a cruel jaw"—"I watched him carefully to see if I could detect a spark of true humility, of genuine religious 'flair,' and was unrewarded." He perceived that Cyril Ritchard's acting and directing were always vulgar; that Evelyn Waugh's intrusive, self-righteous Catholicism was the ruin of his fiction; that Mary Baker Eddy, a victim of "utterly humorless egomania," was "querulous, hysterical, unscrupulous, snobbish and almost unbelievably stupid"; and that Marilyn Monroe was done in, finally, by "a steady diet of intellectual pretentiousness" and "a desperate longing to be 'intellectual' without the brain to achieve it." He sensed that the musical *Camelot* was "a great big glamorous cracking bore"; that New York City is growing "commoner and commoner"; that "all this 'Method' balls has done considerable harm to the theater"; and that a menace to the United States is the intellectual passivity of its middle class:

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> The power of individual thought has been atrophied in them by the incessant onslaughts of commercialism, . . . which is rapidly reducing this potentially magnificent country to idiocy.

What Americans have done to Honolulu is a case in point:

> The loveliness and peace have gone forever. . . . Nothing is real anymore. The leis, the hula dancers, the gently spoken 'alohas' are all shrill and synthetic. It is not only that [Americans] have loud, ugly voices and too much money; it is that their basic sense of values is dead wrong. Nothing is any good unless it is big and expensive.

Curiously, such precision of perception and honesty of utterance didn't prevent his social acceptance by the Great, who make constant guest appearances in these pages. The "star-spangled party" is a phrase and event that returns almost daily, and the stars are of top quality, like the Churchills, the Windsors, and the Queen of Spain ("The poor old girl is not well and shows signs of breaking up"). In the south of France, he chins with Willie Maugham and "The Rainiers, who couldn't have been sweeter." In the USA, the Roosevelts, Eisenhower, and the Kennedys. Back home, "Dickie and Edwina" Mountbatten, the King and Queen of Greece, and always Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. And of course every conceivable star of stage and screen and opera and music, about whose talents and achievements he is almost unfailingly acute. He apparently never lunched or dined with a nonentity, less because of his own snobbery than because of others', talent being as powerful a draw as money and power.

"I am a better writer than I am given credit for being," he tells his diary in 1956.

> It is fairly natural that my writing should be casually appreciated because my personality, performances, music, and legend get in the way. Some day . . . my works may be adequately assessed.

The intelligence and control revealed in these diaries might prompt just such an assessment. For wit, Coward's dialogue is hardly surpassed in the twentieth century, and probably only by Shaw. Far from being Wilde with water, it's Wilde with cocktails:

> 'Have a good flight?'
> 'From the aeronautical point of view, yes. Socially, it left a good deal to be desired.'

For a person who made the theater his business, like Shaw, he was an extraordinarily literary creature, constantly lamenting the decline of the tradition that in the theater it is words, rather than business, movement, overstatement, mugging, noise, and spectacle, that carry the essential meaning.

It's impossible to read these diaries without saying, at some point, God! How British Coward is! Why would he be unthinkable as an American? One reason, of course, is the automatic affectation of moral and artistic superiority, as his response to the new Honolulu reveals. Another reason: his verbal acuity, which may strike some as odd, since he didn't go to a university or even study creative writing—he merely was born profoundly aware of the audience and of the way they'd react to what he said. He betrays his Englishness also by his instinct for privacy. Even these diaries reveal just so much—as we move from the exquisite surface in toward Coward's private lives, we get about 30 percent of the way and then stop abruptly, halted less by a person than a figure. Fifty years from now it wouldn't surprise anyone to learn that all the time he was really a criminal or a spy or the illegitimate son of George V or even an angel, sent somehow to do us good. Even in his diaries, he's not telling.

And he has no "identity problem" because, as a constant spectator of the British class system, he knows who he is and the way observers are interpreting him—even when he's frequenting royalty, which he very often is. It's here that we can't help noticing the natural fondness of the British monarchy for theater people, the royal family itself being a part of show business. "Royal Command Performances," where the royals go to look at the entertainers and, afterward, the entertainers get to look at the royals, are a thoroughly British institution, an American version of which, even with Jimmy Carter's concerts in the East Room, is hard to imagine. When the Queen journeys up the Mall to open Parliament each year, she does so in a cunningly spotlighted carriage designed to make her jewels sparkle, and she and her male relatives are covered with pancake and eye shadow and rouge. She and they would entirely

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understand Coward's word for some few nontheatrical people he found attending one party—"civilians." When in 1942 Coward was shooting a scene for his film masterpiece, *In Which We Serve*, George VI came to the studio to look on from a special platform. For his part as Captain Kinross, Coward was wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant Commander of the Royal Navy. For his part, the King was wearing the costume of an Admiral of the Fleet.

Watching the new young Queen and Prince Philip setting off on their first royal tour in 1953, Coward is moved to term them "a truly romantic couple" and to perceive in them "star quality *in excelsis*." It's tempting to apply that criterion to certain public figures in the New World to see how they fare. Has Henry Kissinger star quality? Yes, alas. Has Al Haig? No, thank God. Did FDR? Assuredly, so much as virtually to define the term. Does Ronald Reagan? No, curiously. JFK? Yes. RFK? No. Lyndon Johnson had more of it than Nixon. Ford and Carter had practically none. Since it has something to do with the appearance of magnanimity, Republicans notably lack it, except for the occasional Eisenhower smuggled in from some other public arena. Ted Kennedy, oddly, hasn't got it; if he had it, we'd be only too happy to quit hounding him to make an honest confession about drinking and driving. Coward's ability to gauge star quality is clear from his reaction to Adlai Stevenson, usually thought to err through the display of excessively aristocratic airs. "Commoner and less polished than I had expected," is Coward's response. Perhaps, in a democracy, star quality, like "box office," is finally not the worst way to judge a public person's pretensions to being indispensable.

Whatever it is, Coward had it, and, being a professional, he worked to keep it glowing. His control and power of will are remarkable. "I've had some bad depressions," he notes, "but very firmly snapped myself out of them." Next to his energy and control, his most conspicuous quality is good sense, powerful enough to redeem much social silliness. Perceiving at the age of fifty-six that he's ruining his disposition by vain dieting, he rebukes himself:

> To be slim and svelte is important only up to a point. . . . a middle-aged spread when you are a little more than middle-aged is no disgrace and, however slim you get, you will still be the age you are and no one will be fooled, so banish this nonsense once and for all. Be your age and be your weight and conserve your vitality by eating enough and enjoying it.

Secular, skeptical, and "unphilosophic," his quiet, "Roman" acceptance of old age and death do him as much credit as his wit. In his late sixties, his friends dying off around him, he observes that his constitution is so strong that he might, like Maugham, hang on till his nineties. But, he writes, "I would prefer Fate to allow me to go to sleep when it's my proper bedtime. I never have been one for staying up too late." There, the wit is an overflow not just of cunning good sense but of something like wisdom. If Coward was a lightweight, let's have more of the same.

PAUL FUSSELL

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GREENE IN WINTER

Monsignor Quixote
by Graham Greene
(Simon and Schuster, 221 pp., $12.95)

J'Accuse: The Dark Side of Nice
by Graham Greene
(The Bodley Head, 69 pp., £1.95)

Graham Greene belongs to the category of obsessive artists: all of his writing life he has seen the world in essentially the same way, and he has written his novels—twenty-four of them now—to give forms to that vision. This is in no sense a pejorative, or even a limiting judgment: some visions are important enough to demand, and to justify, a lifetime's attention, and Greene's achievement as a novelist is surely a function of his obsessive single-mindedness.

Greene's world has always been a battlefield on which two contrary principles—call them The Power and The Glory—eternally confront each other. The Power is all the world's big battalions—all governments, police, organized crime, big business, political parties; it is always corrupt, and it always prevails. The Glory has been represented in the novels mainly by individual instances of Christian faith, though it has also appeared as political idealism, and even occasionally as love. Greene has never represented it as a counterpower in the world: the *ecclesia triumphans* has never been a part of his vision, and he seems equally unable to imagine an actual government that would be Glorious. Faith is not for him a way of winning, but a way of living with defeat; that is to say, his perception

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of the world has been a religious one, though sometimes minimally so.

Monsignor Quixote is yet another restatement of Greene's obsession, this time in a short and parable-like form. The source of the parable is obvious in the title, and Greene has taken pains throughout the book to keep *Don Quixote* in the reader's mind. He sends his hero, a quixotically good and simple priest, wandering around post-Franco Spain in an old car that he calls Rosinante, with a Communist called Sancho for company; the two have adventures on the roads and in inns, even one with a flock of sheep, and they argue endlessly over matters of belief. The linking to Cervantes isn't systematic, but you're not likely to miss it.

Along the way Father Quixote's faith collides with the powers of the society through which he travels: the power of the Church, in the person of his bishop, and the power of the state, mainly in the members of the Guardia Civil. Like his namesake, he is threatened, beaten, taken for a madman, and locked up; and in the end, like the Don, he dies.

One can imagine how such a book might have come to be written. Greene goes on a tour of Spain with some Spanish friends (he names them in his dedication) and no doubt he reads *Don Quixote* as a preparation, as conscientious tourists do, in the hope that somehow that national classic will reveal something to him of the essential nature of Spanishness. And having made the journey and read the book, he decides to put the two together.

Described in that way, *Monsignor Quixote* sounds like an elderly *jeux d'esprit*, just an old novelist fooling around, keeping his hand in. And certainly the book does seem to be rather casually put together, though that is appropriate, after all, to the picaresque tradition to which it belongs. But what it has to say about Greene's obsessive themes is not casual, and certainly not fooling.

Greene has always located his novels out at the dark edge of human existence, somewhere between doubt and despair. But his most recent books, especially *The Human Factor* and *Dr. Fischer of Geneva*, seemed to me almost to go over that edge, into absolute despair. That despair was perhaps reasonable enough if you consider that these two books were about South African politics and the power of capitalist wealth; still, despair is beyond the limits of a religious perception of the world, and calls that perception into question. So I'm relieved to see that *Monsignor Quixote* is a swing back, away from despair toward doubt. Indeed, doubt is a principal topic of discussion in the book; and more than a topic, it is a value. Both the priest and his friend, the Communist, doubt the absolute systems to which they have committed themselves; and because they doubt, they are humane and decent men. "Oh Sancho, Sancho," Father Quixote exclaims, "it's an awful thing not to have doubts." And so it is: both Stalin and the Grand Inquisitor were, as Greene reminds us, men of certainty.

So doubt humanizes us. But to doubt, one must have a faith. It may be political or religious, it doesn't seem to matter much: both Christianity and Communism are protests against injustice, Sancho says. And between men of faith, even of faiths as different as these, there can be a bond; Father Quixote's last word to Sancho is *compañero: companion*, but also *comrade* and *friend*.

Clearly *Monsignor Quixote*, like most of Greene's other recent novels, is at once religious and political, though orthodox in neither. Greene's politics have always been hard to define: left-wing, certainly, and sharply critical of Western capitalism and imperialism, but distrustful of the left when it sought or seized power. There is no precise term for such an essentially critical political position, but perhaps Christian Anarchist comes as close as any for a world view that sees all human institutions as instruments of power, and all power as corrupt. But no self-respecting anarchist would accept Greene as an ally, and if there were a political Index, as there is a Catholic one, he would surely be on it.

In the novel the principal politicians are the bishop and his flunkies. The representatives of the *other* political power, the cops of the Guardia Civil, are still temperamentally Fascists years after the death of Franco. There are no good politicians. Goodness, when it exists at all, consists of individual acts, some of them foolish, all of them ineffectual, but none of them indifferent.

Indifference is a sin from which Father Quixote prays to be saved, and I'm afraid at this point I committed a critical sin, and began to speculate on the connection between the old, doubting, believing priest and the old novelist who had invented him. For it seems particularly an old man's morality, doesn't it, to conclude that the worst thing to fear in

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one's life is not injustice or corruption or cruelty—the world will always nourish those evils—but indifference to them? Better be a madman on the road, like Quixote, than sane and a bishop, or a commissar. That, surely, is why Greene's Quixote, unlike Cervantes's, dies with his madness (which is his Christian faith) uncured.

Sancho, who has the last word, ends the novel with two questions. He has been thinking that he had come to love Father Quixote, and that his love has survived the priest's death: "for how long, he wondered with a kind of fear, was it possible for that love of his to continue? And to what end?" This may not be everybody's idea of an upbeat ending, but it is, like the whole novel, a kind of doubting affirmation: a world in which faith exists, even quixotic faith, is not a world to be despaired of, though one may—and indeed one *must*—doubt.

Don't take this positive note to mean that Greene has grown benign in his old age: the world he sees around him is still a fallen world, as his other recent publication shows. *J'Accuse* is a pamphlet that denounces the cruel injustices inflicted on a family of Greene's friends, who live near him on the Côte d'Azur. Greene finds in their daughter's extremely unpleasant divorce case evidences of police corruption, judicial malfeasance, and the influence of the Mafia. The pamphlet names names and makes explicit accusations, and Greene's publisher must have waited in some anxiety for the libel summonses to arrive, though I gather that all that has happened is that the pamphlet has been suppressed in Nice, and Greene has been fined for distributing it.

J'Accuse adds nothing to one's understanding of Greene's work, but it does offer an appealing view of Greene as Quixote, charging windmills of power in Nice. And knowing, of course, that he will fail, for what does power care about pamphlets? The case he reports is involuted, and the dark side of Nice remains murky; but I'm glad he wrote it, whatever the results. For it confirms the morality of his novel: it is better to be angry, even ineffectually angry, than to be indifferent, better to have faith in justice, even a doubting faith. Better windmills than nothing.

SAMUEL HYNES

Samuel Hynes is the author of *The Auden Generation* (Viking).

SOUNDING BRASS

God's Bullies: Power Politics and Religious Tyranny by Perry Deane Young

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 384 pp., $13.50)

Holy Terror: The Fundamentalist War on America's Freedoms in Religion, Politics and Our Private Lives by Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman

(Doubleday, 402 pp., $17.95)

Perry Deane Young, a thoughtful and witty writer who also happens to be a queer (I use that word in retaliation for his using that barbarous word "gay"), tells us that one of his homosexual friends was sitting in Washington, D.C.'s most popular "leather" barroom when he looked up and saw Terry Dolan and "their eyes locked as if on a reflection in a mirror." They reportedly exchanged smiles, names, pleasantries, and "by then, they both knew what they wanted."

Making haste, according to Young, they went to Dolan's apartment in Alexandria, "straight to the bedroom and quickly undressed." Fade out. "Afterwards," writes Young, adding a nice touch of domesticity, "they went into the kitchen for some supermarket chocolate-chip cookies and milk." But, Young continues with zest, they were such passionate and impetuous young men that they bounced back into the sack and, after further horseplay, engaged in a conversation the punchline of which, once it gets around Washington, will, I fear, make Dolan the joke of 1982.

And who is this Terry Dolan? Frank Church can tell you; so can George McGovern and Birch Bayh and a host of other liberal and moderate politicians who have been defeated in recent years. This is *the* Terry Dolan, head of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (nikpak), the richest and meanest and most unscrupulous of all the political action committees. Nikpak, with the help of such pious gypsies as the Moral Majority and Christian Voice, is committed to depicting all liberals as baby killers and perverts, and, with the eager assistance of the many fundamentalist cuckoos who inhabit the far reaches of the U.S. aviary, their success has been unsettling. Oh, they're out there, all right, and some in high places. I remind you that Alabama Governor Fob James recently told a federal court that only God Almighty had the authority to judge Alabama's school prayer law.

God's Bullies is Young's revenge. He is tired, for example, of the Reverend Jerry Falwell's cheap-shot aphorisms ("God made Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve"). He is out to prove the Moral Majority's hypocrisy, and, being a Southerner (born and reared in North Carolina), he is adept at revenge. Having his own brand of single-issue ruthlessness, he fights these extremists with extremism. It is a hissing, spiteful combat, and, for those of us who are content to hold both their coats, quite entertaining—all the more so for being based mostly on gossip and innuendo, little on documentation.

How do you like this for innuendo: Young says that after his interview with Dolan (during which he flat out asked Dolan if he was a fag and Dolan denied it),

> I looked up, then, to see that Dolan was leading us right into the men's room. He was still talking and leading me on, but that is where I stopped. I will never know what he might have said to me in the privacy of that rest room; at that point I didn't want to know.

Now that is what I call superior switchblade knife play: *"I will never know what he might have said to me in the privacy of that rest room."* Ah, how imagination runs riot to fill in history's bleeps.

Young's documentation usually consists of "friends," as in

> I know of at least ten prominent leaders of the Republican right who have either had sex with [male] friends of mine or gone to gay parties with them. According

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to people I trust, there are at least twenty members of Congress right now who are homosexual; not all of them are conservative Republicans, but most of them are.

He says that some of the important members of Reagan's transition team are homosexuals—wealthy lawyers, real-estate men, construction contractors, and the like who "actually make up names for their little club, 'the RPQs—rich and powerful queens' or 'the Thirteen Richest Fairies.' "

Young takes a fair number of swipes at Protestant fundamentalists—he tells of attending a Klan rally where five of the six speakers were Baptist preachers. But he blames much of the right wing's intolerance on the predominance of Catholics among its leaders: Dolan, and Robert Bauman (a leader in the House before he left under a homosexual-booze cloud), Phyllis Schlafly of Eagle Forum, Robert Boege of the National Conservative Union, and Richard A. Viguerie, the direct-mail expert. "The story of Roman Catholics—who are now the largest single denomination in America—is the classic case," he writes, "of the oppressed becoming the oppressor, of the downtrodden losing their feeling for others once they make it to the top."

THE REALLY DEPRESSING thing about Young's book and also, perhaps especially, about *Holy Terror*, by the more orthodox researchers Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman, is that so many of these right-wingers who influence our government through religious phalanges and PACs are so sleazy and cockeyed. What the hell's the matter with us that we are obliged to pay them even the attention of ridicule?

Gary Jarmin, for instance. Jarmin is Washington lobbyist for Christian Voice and Young tells us that among liberals on Capitol Hill, Jarmin, a former Moonie, "is the most despised and feared activist of the religious right," although he is virtually ignored by the press. Young says Jarmin admits serving time for car theft and also admits that when he reached Washington to represent his pack of Christians he was hitting the bottle pretty hard. Nevertheless, Jarmin feels righteous enough to put out a "morality report card" on Representatives' votes. As Conway and Siegelman point out, Jarmin's "morality index" is so nutty that in 1980 Father Drinan, then a Representative as well as a Catholic priest, "got a zero morality

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rating while Congressman Kelly, who admitted taking a $25,000 Abscam bribe, got a 100 percent morality rating."

Another typical voice of right-wing righteousness comes from the Reverend James Robison, who, say Conway and Siegelman, is a Texan of illegitimate birth, and "seems proud of his wayward past," boasting that when he was a kid, "I was mean. I'm talking about sadistic! Cruel! I killed animals"—a dog by banging its head on the floor, a cat by throwing it in a fire. Robison harangued a gathering of 15,000 fundamentalist preachers in Dallas (where else?):

> I'm sick and tired of hearing about all the radicals and the perverts and the liberals and the leftists and the Communists coming out of the closet: it's time for God's people to come out of the closet, out of the churches, and change America!

Or out of the woodwork.

And change it they are—though I doubt the peril is as melodramatic as Conway and Siegelman make it out to be:

> . . . we must face squarely the magnitude of this picture and the prospect that we may soon be living in an America reborn of total propaganda and surrender to the supernatural, a nation that rejects reason and science. . . .

Tut tut. However, there is the clear and present danger that our politicians, a skittish and not terribly gutsy crowd, will be paralyzed by the right-wing's hokey God-and-country seances. Representative Mike Synar thinks it's already happening. He told Conway and Siegelman,

> I'm worried about the future of the United States Congress. These groups have become a petrifying force. You can see it in the House right now. We are literally legislating out of fear. . . . The fire, the enthusiasm, the aggressiveness of a lot of my colleagues are gone. . . . Issues that should be discussed are not being discussed. . . . Democrats and even Republicans opposed to these groups do not know how to fight them. And because they don't know how to fight them, they do nothing.

ROBERT SHERRILL

Robert Sherrill is Southern correspondent for *The Texas Observer.*

THE MORAL MILITIA

The Glorious Cause: The American Revolution, 1763-1789 by Robert Middlekauff

(Oxford University Press, 696 pp., $25)

Robert Middlekauff has written a work that attempts to survey the Revolutionary era as a whole, to present the insights of the best contemporary scholarship within the constraints of a traditional narrative, and to convey to the general reader a sense of the Revolution's complexity and significance.

It is not a project that Middlekauff—who is professor of history, dean, and provost at Berkeley—could have taken on lightly. The technical problems of constructing such a narrative are daunting. Even given 600 pages of text to work with, sins of omission are unavoidable. Making sense of the events that led the Americans reluctantly toward independence requires a delicate interweaving of developments in London and the responses they produced in thirteen disparate colonies. Such a book also requires an ability to describe the abstract points of constitutional theory and the turning points of battle with equal facility. Nor is it easy to transcend the seemingly parochial quality of the American struggle—all this squabbling over a few taxes—and to see in it the world historical event it ultimately became.

Yet in each of these respects *The Glorious Cause* is a striking success, proof of Lawrence Stone's claim that serious narrative history is enjoying a modest revival after years of neglect. Middlekauff is both elegant and eloquent. Whether he is describing the making of British policy, or sketching the character of Washington or Pitt, or explaining why Daniel Morgan positioned the American troops at Hannah's Cowpens so retreat would be impossible, he does in a few paragraphs or pages what others might struggle through a chapter to get right, and he does this, too, without straining for effect.

THE PUBLICATION of this book is doubly notable because it is the first of an eleven-volume Oxford History of the United States now being prepared under the general editorship of C. Vann Woodward. A word about this larger project is in order. The Oxford and Cambridge university presses have both sponsored other multivolume series, with similarly broad ambitions but significant differences in approach. The Cambridge approach more faithfully reflects the prevailing character—or disarray—of modern historical studies. Its various series typically address broad topical problems (such as the economic history of Europe) and draw upon the expertise of numerous scholars who individually contribute only a chapter or an extended essay to the larger project. The Oxford approach, by contrast, is more traditional. Its focus is political, national, and chronological; its authors write entire volumes; and its intended audience includes general readers as well as scholars (a claim that the Cambridge series can make less plausibly).

This new Oxford History may thus be our last best hope to get a reliable fix on our national history before the relentless fracturing of historical research makes further attempts at synthesis impossible. Of course, the idea of synthesis may itself be obsolete. *The Glorious Cause* does not do equal justice to all the Revolution's manifold aspects, and it is hard to see how Middlekauff could have covered much more without undermining its narrative structure. Yet the choices he has made in constructing this book may be as provocative to historians as they should be informative to general readers. The great virtue of his narrative is that it directs our attention to the Revolution's essential events, and thereby reminds us what it is about the past that most needs explaining.

For Middlekauff the essence of the Revolution lies in decisions and actions, in the events that led to the declaring and winning of independence and, more subtly, in what the Americans learned of themselves by seeing the

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struggle through. Bernard Bailyn, in his *Ideological Origins of the American Revolution*, called his view of the Revolution, with its emphasis on the basic political issues, "old-fashioned," but Middlekauff goes him one better by giving the war itself the most prominent place in the story.

What Middlekauff ignores of recent writings on the Revolution is thus as revealing as what he includes. The two issues that have preoccupied contemporary scholars—the absorption of radical Whig ideology in America, and the relation between multiple sources of "social strain" and the creation of a revolutionary situation after 1765—are barely detectable in his account.

IN ONE MAJOR RESPECT, however, Middlekauff's interpretation of the Revolution accurately reflects the consensus that began to take hold three decades ago when his mentor, Edmund Morgan, and Helen Morgan published their seminal study of the Stamp Act. By demonstrating that the colonists had worked out their essential constitutional positions at the beginning of the controversy, the Morgans cast both American resistance and British policy in a new light. No longer did the colonists appear as hypocritical ingrates, skipping from one argument to another as circumstances demanded, while defying the reasonable requests of enlightened authorities in London. What now had to be explained, historians gradually realized, was why Britain perversely stuck to a policy that seemed calculated, as Benjamin Franklin once put it, to reduce a great empire to a small one.

Middlekauff presents the complementary answers this question has received. The ministry and Parliament were convinced that the Americans should pay some taxes, and that American constitutional arguments were too heterodox to be taken seriously. The Glorious Revolution had confirmed the sovereignty of Parliament, and since sovereignty was, as everyone knew, indivisible, the colonists' efforts to argue that there were some things that Parliament could not do seemed to defy common sense. Nor did the instability of British politics—with its cliques and factions in endless pursuit of office, its Lord Boodles worrying "What are you going to do with Noodle?"—promote a rational (much less agonizing) reappraisal of policy.

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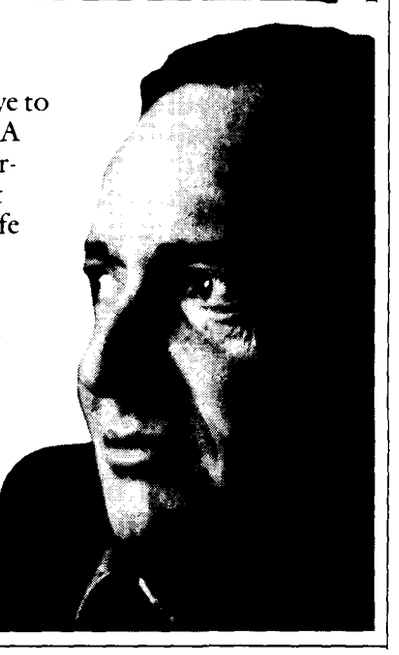

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But beyond discussing the central factors of policy, principle, and politics, Middlekauff's explanation of the British failure also emphasizes "the sense of superiority and the snobbery" that seemingly "permeated . . . all ranks of Englishmen conscious of American existence." Edmund Burke aptly identified one component of this attitude when he complained that "any remarkable highway robbery on Hounslow Heath would make more conversation than all the disturbances in America." Actually, such benign indifference would probably have served Britain better than the government's consistently obtuse refusal to take American arguments and grievances seriously. As it was, condescension easily degenerated into contempt.

This attitude boded ill for the coercive measures Britain had to undertake after 1774. British strategy fully illustrated not only Clausewitz's familiar dictum about war and policy, but also a part of his analysis that is less frequently remembered. When generals act on the basis of the same flawed perceptions that initially led to conflict, the errors of the politicians are as likely to be compounded as corrected. Sometimes nations get lucky in their choice of generals or enemies; sometimes accident remedies miscalculation. Neither contingency benefited the British, whose leaders at home and in the field earn less than outstanding marks.

It may never have been a war they could have won, though victory flickered briefly in 1776 and their understanding of the conflict matured through each of its major phases. But the muddled thinking that kept Burgoyne slogging through the Adirondacks, prompted Howe to approach Philadelphia by the most cumbersome route, and finally brought Cornwallis to Yorktown revealed that they never learned enough. "Because the British did not fully understand the struggle they were engaged in," Middlekauff concludes, "they failed to think through their purposes—most importantly their political purposes." Was their goal to crush the rebellion decisively, or "to achieve a reconciliation by a blend of firmness and conciliation"? Never resolving this dilemma, the British pursued both strategies confusedly, and thereby achieved neither.

All of this is consistent with the prevailing understanding of the enormous problems—of logistics as well as strategy—that Britain confronted. Where Middlekauff is far more original and imaginative is in his treatment of the American Army, whose achievements did indeed turn the struggle into "the glorious cause" he celebrates.

The Army's story is only partly its own. For American troops were not like the British regulars they opposed, men who "had been pulled out of society," and "whose values were the values of the army . . . no more and no less." American soldiers—even the ill-treated men of the Continental Army, many of whom came from the same social strata as their British counterparts—reflected the traits of American society. If the militia proved unreliable, it was because as citizens "they had enjoyed independence, or at least personal liberty" long before July 1776. But, paradoxically, when Continental regulars acquired the discipline the militia lacked, that, too, reflected something more than the growing professionalism that time had fostered. For the horrible choice that combat imposed, Middlekauff reminds us, involved nothing less than "choosing between the rival claims of public responsibility and pri-

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vate wishes"—between the honorable obligation to fight with one's comrades, and the sensible impulse to flee for one's life. It was a moral choice, and it called the Army back to an earlier conception of liberty as the responsibility to do what was right.

What enabled Americans to make this choice in a "glorious" way? Beyond all the habits that soldiers drew from the experience of battle, there lay a set of values more elusive but no less powerful. The members of the Revolutionary generation were, Middlekauff tells us, "the children of the twice-born." They were heirs not only to the radical Whig beliefs that made them suspect conspiracies against liberty in every ministerial closet, but also to an ascetic Protestantism that had been present in all the colonies from their seventeenth-century foundings and that had been deeply refreshed during the Great Awakening of the 1740s. These values permeated the culture. Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson may not have been religious men, but each "had been marked by the moral dispositions of a passionate Protestantism." So, too, the bedraggled privates of the Continental Army may have been no more devout than their more prominent leaders; but they were also products of this culture, and susceptible to exhortations made in the name of duty, frugality, and virtue. It was the genius of Washington to recognize that the discipline required to convert free men into soldiers could be strengthened rather than diluted by an appeal to their memories of freedom.

MUCH OF WHAT Middlekauff has to say about the war, of course, falls outside the distinctively moralistic framework he erects to explain why men fought. One of the virtues of narrative history is that the interpretation need not be used to bludgeon the material. But an understanding of the moral dilemma that Middlekauff ascribes to the republican soldier is, I believe, essential to grasping his view of the meaning of the Revolution as well as his reasons for emphasizing the military rather than the political dimensions of the conflict.

The decisive test of republican liberty lay, Middlekauff implies, neither in the initial acts of resistance nor in the transfer of allegiance proclaimed in the symbolic regicide of the Declaration, but rather in the war itself. It is a telling point, and one that historians have not carefully considered. Next to the choices that soldiers in combat had to make, questions of merely political allegiance do seem to pale. And the completion of what historians now call the American experiment in republicanism was contingent on the outcome of their war of national liberation. Had the Continental Army disbanded during the dismal autumn of 1776, when one reverse followed another, Jefferson's composition might now be remembered only as a distant, provincial echo of the Enlightenment.

But the Revolution could have ended another way. A people grown disillusioned with the costs of war could have decided that independence was simply not worth the struggle. Their loyalty, too, was a necessary condition of victory, and thus equally worth explaining. It is for this reason that Middlekauff's decision to relegate the political history of the Revolution after 1776 to so subordinate a place remains puzzling—the one major omission that most seriously weakens the book. The civilian population is not entirely ignored in *The Glorious Cause*, but the source of their ongoing support for a war that continued indecisively for years is never made clear.

THERE WAS LITTLE that was glorious about the efforts of leaders at every level of politics to sustain the popular enthusiasm that had carried the Americans through the critical early stages of Revolution, when patriotism had come easily. Certainly the Army never felt confident that its struggle was being appreciated, much less adequately supported, by either civil authorities or the people at large. Poorly fed, barely clothed, and rarely paid, the soldiers had ample cause for resentment, and ample reason, too, for believing that only through their own perseverance could the Revolution succeed. It is their perspective, at once fair and myopic, that Middlekauff has seemingly adopted (and about which his own student, Charles Royster, wrote so movingly in *A Revolutionary People at War*).

Yet the test of a people asked to support this kind of protracted struggle, acting under governments novel in design and untried by experience, is neither efficiency nor enthusiasm nor the preservation of republican virtue, but simple doggedness. And that is what the Revolutionary governments and

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their adherents, for all their shortcomings, maintained. Their support for the war was not exemplary, it was only adequate. But it could easily have been less than that.

How was the Revolution sustained after 1776? Obviously residual disgust with Britain outweighed the misgivings that arose as the war continued, and was doubtless reinforced by the military conflict's inescapable, ugly impact. The American militia also deserve some credit. On the battlefield they were often unreliable, but within their own vicinities they could punish dissenters, maintain a minimal level of loyalty, and endanger enemy detachments who ventured too far away from the security of their major bases.

These factors clearly counted for a great deal. But equally important, one suspects, were the political demands that the Revolution imposed on the thousands of citizens who accepted some responsibility, however petty, for conducting the affairs of this highly decentralized regime. In their own way, these demands were not so different from those placed on the Army. The element of personal danger, it is true, was missing, but the dilemma of obligation was not. Somehow provisions were found, bodies mustered, and a few taxes even collected. It was not a glorious process, and often it involved self-interest and corruption—but it worked.

The Glorious Cause deserves to be considered in a context broader than mere history. Like other thoughtful works on the Revolution, it invites us to ponder not only the founding of the republic but also its current state. During the course of the bicentennial era, the opportunities for dwelling on the ironies of our history have come more often than one might have expected. The Kent State murders occurred a few weeks past the second-hundredth anniversary of the Boston Massacre. The discovery of the existence of the Watergate tapes in the summer of 1973 had its analogue in the publication in 1773 of Governor Thomas Hutchinson's private letters, which seemed to call for "an abridgment of what are called English liberties." The deposition of Richard Nixon in August 1974 was an appropriate way to commemorate the collapse of royal government in America in the summer of 1774. It was two hundred years and a few days after Lexington and Concord that the last chopper lifted off from Saigon. And who knows whether, if Reaganomics runs its course, we might not yet have a chance to celebrate the bicentennial of the Constitution with a convention of our own?

At a time when the obligations of republican citizenship are under attack from right and left, it is not the least of the many virtues of Middlekauff's fine book that it reminds us how the republic actually came into existence.

JACK N. RAKOVE

Jack N. Rakove teaches American history at Stanford University. He is the author of The Beginnings of National Politics (Knopf).

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THE HOME FRONT

In the City of Fear
by Ward Just

(Viking, 291 pp., $14.95)

"The security system was on the blink." Thus the first sentence of this fine novel about a highly placed set of Washingtonians after, during, and before the Vietnam War. The sentence refers to a burglar alarm but its connotations reach to the war, as do so many seemingly quotidian images, details, and events in this novel. Wallpaper in a Georgetown dining room, for example, alludes to the war by depicting a battle of the American Revolution, the imperial British in full retreat. Or a man, a staffer of the Kennedy National Security Council, is killed, run over by a drunk driver on busy Eye Street; this connects to the war by being an absurd death, a man in his prime, no meaning to it at all. These and like details fill a space of allegory, connecting the texture of the novel not only with the fate of the characters but with the fate of the nation. One character, a Representative, has to "fight against the idea that the war was lost, the dream become nightmare, the war and the nation one, a ghastly whirlpool in which all of them were turning." The Representative has these thoughts in 1970, when it was possible to doubt they were true. I should make clear, however, that Ward Just has not written a disguised essay on What Vietnam Did to America. In fact, though it carries historical allegory, his novel is a solid fiction in its own right about a handful of government insiders caught up in a war that got away from them.

A Washington novel, then, the kind of fiction that is not considered serious, not in the same class with Philip Roth's memoirs of whacking off, or Ann Beattie's tales of how Nick met Debbie at a Stones concert. America is about power, but make this a theme in fiction and you will be taped: genre writer; can't be profound. Next. To be sure, Just is no Dostoevsky; public personality is his beat, not the depths. Still, he manages the trick. With a touch of cliché here, a dab of knowledge there, a little mystery over on this side, he peoples a fictional world with credible characters and makes us believe in it and care about them.

Most of the novel takes place over a long Georgetown dinner party, the tablecloth turned into a map of Vietnam, the characters arguing, the revelations coming with the dessert wine. The time is 1970 or 1971; it is hard to be sure. And while the President is identified only as the Man, it is clear when one of the characters briefs him that he is Richard Nixon. (This scene, by the way, is a brilliant send up of the non sequitur, triple-barreled conversations on the Watergate tapes.) But 1970 is only one level of time in this novel, which ends

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in 1963—the Kennedys have a walk-on at a funeral for one of the characters—and which begins now, in the 1980s, with a Senator's wife waking in a Georgetown house, the one with the defective security system.

Her name is Marina Warden, and over breakfast her husband, Piatt, tells her he is going to run for Senate whip. A careful man who has played ball with the leadership for years, he thinks he has a chance. His wife feigns interest; her thoughts are with Sam Joyce, a friend of the family, now seriously ill. Sam, an Army colonel, is a wreck, far gone with cancer, also a little dotty. Later that day Marina visits him and they talk of old times: it emerges that they have been lovers since the early 1960s, commencing with the funeral of a mutual friend named Dennis. Marina tries to hold Sam in the present, but he keeps slipping back to the memory of his "last lunatic tour" in Vietnam. We never find out what happend then; all we know is that it left him a basket case. The chapter ends with Sam dying or near death. We see the rest of the action, the sections set in 1970 and 1963, through the scrim of this prologue, knowing that Piatt made it a notch up the greasy pole, that Marina loves Sam, and that Sam was a casualty of the war. Our foreknowledge puts us in the same relation to these private histories as to the public history of the period, adding poignance to the long dinner party scene.

"The Carneys were having a dinner party," and the whole crowd is there: Max Cather, the cynical C.I.A. man, bursting to talk about his plan to install black boxes on the Ho Chi Minh Trail; Representative Piatt Warden, an insider on the House Armed Services Committee, who knows the war is a lost cause but fears how a headline like "Congressman Breaks with Moderates on War" would play in his Illinois district; and Colonel Sam Joyce, who must serve these civilians while knowing, as he tells Marina, that they hate him to death. When Teddy Carney, the foreign editor of the capital's major newspaper, starts to argue with Max about the paper's war correspondent, the ladies leave the room, and the bark of the evening floats toward the rock of Vietnam.

In what is only the first of the evening's surprises, it comes out that the President has met with Colonel Joyce. Ostensibly he was summoned to recom-

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mend another man for a clandestine mission, but really the President was sizing him up for the job. Just's focus is on what these revelations show of the moral life—on the pressures of command and the hungers of political ambition. Parts of this section are flashbacks: Sam trysting with Marina and meeting the President, Piatt duck hunting with the President's adviser, a smooth monster of a man. But the bulk of it is dinner table talk, and what an inspired argot it is. Listen:

> Piatt asked, 'Who are they?'
>
> 'The personalities? We don't know, except for one or two of the obvious names.'
>
> 'You don't *know*?'
>
> 'No,' he said tersely. 'They don't publish their officers' list. But we know roughly where they are. We don't need to know names, as long as we know locations. The Vietnamese know the names, we think.'
>
> 'What makes you think they'll tell?'
>
> 'The point's the monitoring.' Cather spoke in an undertone, as if to himself alone. 'It's important that we *know* what damage is done. That's the real problem we're working on. What.' He cleared his throat. 'Works in the laboratory doesn't always perform on the battlefield, and of course the reverse.'
>
> 'I don't quite—' Carney began doubtfully.
>
> 'We've got to secure our own lines. All it wants is money. Disrupt the process, that's the idea. Needs money, to assemble the materials and conduct the deployments.'
>
> 'And support,' Sam said.
>
> 'Uh-huh,' Max Cather said. 'I think, properly presented. With the proper presentations, it's an inspired idea politically. An outstanding idea, wouldn't you say, and worth support?'
>
> 'Laos and Cambodia become the killing ground,' Piatt said.
>
> 'Yes,' Cather said.
>
> 'Play the games out of town, as it were,' Carney added.
>
> 'Yes,' Cather said. 'Well put. Not all of them, of course.'
>
> Carney asked, 'Where is it now in the mill? Where is it inside the bureaucracy? Which station of the cross?'
>
> 'Gethsemane,' Piatt said.
>
> 'No,' Max said. 'By no means. These are just talking points. We are not at Gethsemane yet. The prophet is still in the hills with a loyal band of followers but as yet, alas, no influence.'

The subject is assassination. It's a language of preemptive cleverness that speaks these people; that controls them. And they control us.

You could draw a map of Just's Washington. There is the Georgetown neighborhood where our set lives; Shakerville, they call it, for "their half-joking description of themselves in the old days, Movers and Shakers." A mile to the south is "Downtown," the White House, where there are "no photographs of the Man with other men, unlike every other office in Washington." Across the river is "Langley" (the C.I.A.), and somewhere deeper in Virginia is "The Farm," where the broken ex-mandarins of the national security apparatus, "men frightened of their pasts," go to rest and recuperate and sometimes remain. Over here in Kalorama, holding forth at a different dinner party, is old Ben Joyce, Sam's father, an ex-Senator turned lobbyist who

> quickly saw that Washington was mysterious to a businessman; it was as mysterious as Hollywood. And the secret was not to demystify, it was to present oneself as a necromancer, a magician. He was the first to see that the government would become the nation's greatest corporation, a great sea of money, greater even than Du Pont or General Motors: he was the first to see, and the first to *act*.

At old Ben's elbow is a young attorney from the F.C.C. "rocking back on his heels, fingers tucked into his waistcoat pocket where they could touch the Phi Beta Kappa key." And here, entering to a rumble of excitement, is Old Ben's modern heir, Henry Costello, "a lawyer whose practice did not require that he own a library, only a Rolodex." Costello is everywhere in this novel, a maestro at eliminating problems, a high-priced fixer. Up the hill from Kalorama are the N.C.S. (National Cathedral School), as the characters call it, and St. Alban's, the posh prep schools where these Washingtonians hired their manners and made their early connections. At the other end of town is Southeast, where their maids live. Somewhere outside the district limits lies "the private sector," where none of these pros could imagine working. And a world away is Vietnam, where the sons of their maids and their file clerks are dying for their plans, their ambitions.

And the map would have to go back in time to the early 1960s, when "The post war era had finally arrived, newminted, bright and shiny as a penny or a pair of brass knuckles," and with it a fresh draft of the governing class to run "the family business," the cold war.

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They made a bet among themselves, the Shakerville set, over who would be the first on the cover of *Time*. Their unanimous pick was Dennis Macdonough,

> one of the half dozen bright young men who came to work in the White House basement in the early days of the Administration, having made reputations at Harvard or on Wall Street, and having put those reputations at the service of the then candidate.

But on a sunny October day in 1963 Dennis is struck by a stolen cab while crossing Eye Street. Does it make things too schematic that Dennis, two days before his death, wrote a memo to the President's adviser warning against deeper involvement in Vietnam? Are the parallels to JFK drawn too broadly when Mrs. Kennedy, along with "the attorney general and his younger brother," shows up at Dennis's memorial service? Dennis's advice was not taken; Dennis's fate prefigures Kennedy's own (there is even a hint that his death was no accident); with Dennis died the dream. The scaffolding of allegory, thus summarized, seems to sink the fiction.

But it is Ward Just's achievement in this final chapter to set this superstructure of meaning in a thick bed of fact, the business of comforting a widow, and making funeral arrangements, all seen through Piatt Warden's grieving mind. There is a bad moment when the text Dennis's widow wants Piatt to read at the service is from Camus, "We are at the extremities now. At the end of this tunnel of darkness, however, there is invariably a light. . . ." But Just manages to float even this macrocosmic cloud over his canvas without mishap. For as Piatt Warden stumbles over Camus's dark lines, allegory and fiction, past and future, fuse, and the distance of dramatic irony between us and the characters closes, in a moment of historical epiphany:

> . . . real generosity toward the future lies in giving all to the present. . . .
>
> More like it, a sentence of encouragement, justification, and consolation. Listen carefully and you could hear another murmur of approval, a wave of support from the eminent Washingtonians listening critically. He heard it. Camus did not cast a shadow on their dreams after all but a merciless light. He felt the approval of those seated in front of him, yet was no less afraid. Piatt paused again. What did we know best? What had we lost? What did we believe, except that we were on the frontier of a brilliant adventure that nothing could halt or foreclose? As to the adventure itself, there would be portents. Was there something after all to be made of this death, so random and unprecedented? They were unprepared for it, and the fact of it seemed to cause a locked door to open and swing on its hinge. Certainly in every event, however terrible, there was solace—if only the solace of recognition. Piatt was sweating and now his legs began to tremble. He locked his knees but it was no good, they slipped their sockets. He felt himself a shell-shocked soldier jerked by the wires of ghastly memories. . . .

The image of the shell-shocked soldier sends our thoughts back to the beginning of the novel and ahead in time, back and forward to Sam Joyce, dying in the 1980s in a V.A. hospital, where the "brilliant adventure" would end for so many. *In the City of Fear* is a bitter yet compassionate elegy to the best and the brightest.

JACK BEATTY

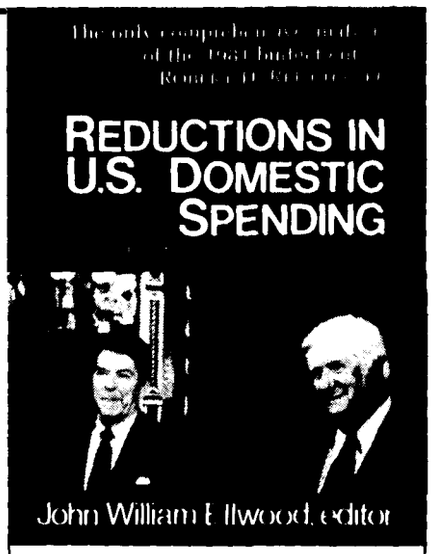
BRIEF REVIEWS

Dissenter in Zion: From the Writings of Judah L. Magnes
edited by Arthur A. Goren

(Harvard University Press, 554 pp., $30)

As an American Jewish moral and political leader, Judah L. Magnes struck a courageous if sometimes desperate figure. Born in San Francisco in 1877 and ordained a reform rabbi twenty-three years later, he first made his mark as a Zionist and as the moving force behind the remarkable "Kehillah Experiment," an attempt to create an all-embracing, democratic community structure for New York Jewry. A "radical liberal" (his words), Magnes was a vocal foe of World War I, a champion of civil liberties, and moved to Palestine in 1922, where he served as the founding chancellor of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and as one of the foremost advocates of binationalism, in opposition to Jewish statehood.

Hence, as Arthur A. Goren, professor of American studies at Hebrew University, points out in his informative introduction to this superbly edited antholo-



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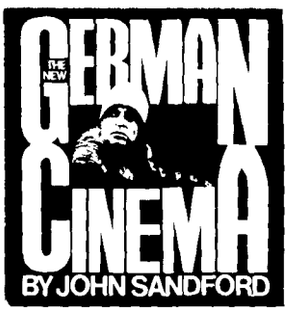

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"Too much is written about matters that should be taken in by the beholder as he hears or scans the work. It is not desirable that his conscious mind should entertain—or be prepared to entertain—clear statements of what he experiences under the spell of a masterpiece. The very reason why art is finer when it shows rather than tells is that comprehension is then immediate, not discursive. Ideally, the spectator must absorb—in order to be absorbed: and this means that the critic should shut up until he is wanted."

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ogy of the writings of this "Dissenter in Zion," Magnes, in his own single-minded manner, faced virtually every major issue before Jewry: creative survival as a group in the U.S., the effort to build a Jewish homeland in Palestine, and the relation between universalistic aspects of Judaism and the particular needs of the Jews.

MAGNES'S ASPIRATION to somehow unite the universal and the particular was shared by many of the pioneers of the Zionist labor movement in Palestine, but the practical conclusions they drew—at least those in the mainstream—were very much at odds with Magnes's. Where Magnes saw binationalism as a moral necessity, Ben-Gurion saw the partition of Palestine as the only realistic possibility. For Magnes, Zionism was first and foremost a religious matter, the effort to build a creative spiritual center in Palestine, not a political endeavor. In his view, neither a Jewish *nor* an Arab state should have arisen in this "international land."

However, in the hothouse of Mandate Palestine, Magnes was never truly able to reconcile his religious moralism with the exigencies of political realities. The real issue before the contesting parties in that unhappy country was political, not religious—two peoples fighting for national sovereignty in a land each considered its own. The very structure of the conflict did not lend itself to the binationalism Magnes advocated; the end result could only have been a Cyprus or a Northern Ireland. And with the rise of the Nazis, the *political* character of the Jewish problem became self-evident; the Jewish plight in Europe was that of a powerless minority unable to defend itself or determine its own fate. The title of a reply to Magnes in 1929 by Chaim Weizmann—a man profoundly concerned with the cultural dimension of the Jewish national movement—captures the entire issue: "Jews Want a Homeland Not a Cultural Museum."

There is historical irony—and much contemporary relevance—in the fact that in opposition to the advocacy of the partition of Palestine by Ben-Gurion and the Zionist mainstream, one found Magnes the binationalist *and* the extreme right wing of Menachem Begin's mentor, Vladimir Jabotinsky. One would hope that the Israeli Premier, while claiming rights to the West Bank, would keep this symmetry in mind. We must also note the historical persistence of the Palestininan national movement's insistence on no compromise and no partition, which helped lead it to destruction in 1948 and to Beirut in 1982.

When we reread Judah L. Magnes today with Lebanon in mind, it is not only clear how badly the Palestinian leadership has failed its own people, but also how much Israel needs the magnanimity and compassion of a Magnes combined with the political wisdom of a Ben-Gurion in the time ahead. Clearly these cannot be provided by Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon.

MITCHELL COHEN

Mitchell Cohen is assistant professor of political science at Baruch College of the City University of New York and editor of the Labor Zionist journal Jewish Frontier.

The Pushcart Prize, VII: Best of the Small Presses 1982–83
edited by Bill Henderson and the Pushcart Prize editors

(The Pushcart Press, 568 pp., $22)

This year's Pushcart Prize anthology of the best writing from small magazines and presses is an exceptionally strong sampling of contemporary writers, many of them at the beginning of their careers. They are a diverse group, from all over this country, as well as from several others, and they speak from varied cultural and racial backgrounds; striking, however, is the strong personal note that sounds through many of the best pieces.

The most polished story in the collection is Barbara Thompson's "Tattoo," a devastating study of sexual warfare among upper-class Pakistani who carry on the old colonial tradition in the Punjab Club of Lahore. Most of the other stories are less well crafted, but the bet-

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ter ones, such as Jayne Anne Phillips's "How Mickey Made It" and Elizabeth Inness-Brown's "Release, Surrender," are full of vitality and experimentation. The emphasis on personal vision has also produced a number of stories—notably two selections by Edmund White and Amos Oz—with a nonfictional tone that calls attention to the close relation between fiction and experience.

In general, the *Pushcart Prize* editors have emphasized the work of younger writers. That is as it should be in a collection of works published in such little magazines as *Pequod, Georgia Review, Hudson Review, Southern Review,* and *Shenandoah*. The poetry section features masterful poems by such veterans as James Wright and Stanley Kunitz, and Derek Walcott's "Europa" is probably the most accomplished of all the poems in the anthology. But the younger practitioners are not far behind, especially those who have something to say, however indirectly, about their own lives and the world around them. Such young poets as Katha Pollitt, Sharon Olds, Rita Dove, and Leo Romero are represented by moving poems, simply and unaffectedly written.

Somewhat surprisingly, the essays collected here contain some of the best writing in the anthology. The strongest pieces confront with integrity and conviction the personal element that lies behind the most abstruse intellectual material. Exploring the nature of Bertolt Brecht's poetry in his essay "Poetry in Dark Times," Terrence Des Pres draws on Brecht's life and wanderings between Germany and the United States. These illuminate the poems, and provide the political elements necessary to an understanding of Brecht's work. In an essay on Roland Barthes, famous for his emphasis on the self-sufficiency of "texts," J. Gerald Kennedy shows how the critic, faced with the reality of his mother's death, accepted the importance of human feeling and memory in writing.

But perhaps the single most eloquent essay is Thom Gunn's portrait of Yvor Winters. Proceeding autobiographically, Gunn recounts his uneasy apprenticeship to Winters's criticism when he studied under him at Stanford, and then proceeds to reveal, step by step, the complexity of any attempt to establish certainty in literary or artistic endeavor. Gunn describes the quest that both he and Winters undertook to discover what was valuable and useful in the work that each was doing. The inclusion of this outstanding essay is yet another tribute to the editors' insight into the process of literary development—insight that has led them to discover so many promising writers published in out-of-the-way places.

FRANK MACSHANE

Frank MacShane is at work on a life of the novelist James Jones.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

God's existence, Tinder proceeds to label Schell's concern for human life on earth "shallow" and "naive," as if *this* world were just as hypothetical as heaven.

Insisting that "the whole meaning of the universe is placed in question by the death of a child," Tinder proceeds to label Schell's concern for the continuance of the common world "idolatrous," as if concern to save this imperfect world betrays a shocking lack of moral standards.

Assuming, finally, that "every human is of infinite value" Tinder proceeds to label Schell's horror at the prospect of extinction "illogical," as if, after the murder of Rasputin, nothing qualitatively worse could *ever* happen to the world.

Schell's book has had more than its share of wrongheaded reviews, but none (so far as I know) so inhumanly smug and horrifyingly sanctimonious as Tinder's.

JEFFREY C. MILLER
New York, New York

GREIDER'S PRIZE

To the editors:

In your October 4 issue, an ad placed by this agency for the E. P. Dutton book, *The Education of David Stockman and Other Americans,* by William Greider, contained an error that was embarrassing to all concerned—us, the publisher, but particularly the author, to whom we mistakenly awarded a Pulitzer Prize. The error had, in fact, been caught by the publisher, corrected by us, and then at the last minute—due to the mysteries of computer typesetting and the failure of our people to perform the usual final check—reappeared in the ad as sent to you.

We would very much appreciate your readers knowing that neither publisher nor author were in any way responsible. My only hope is that we have not in any way jinxed Mr. Greider by prematurely awarding him a prize he plainly deserves.

LEE SIMMONS
President, Franklin Spier Inc.
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The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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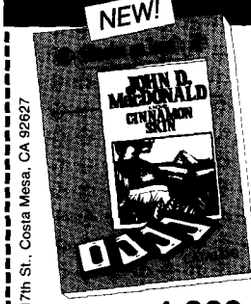

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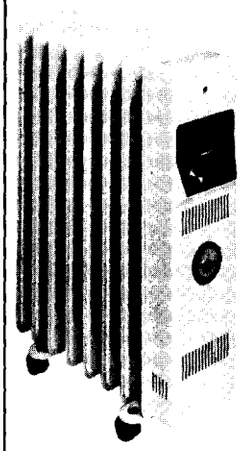

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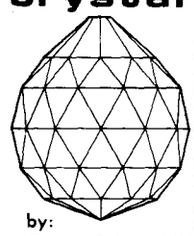

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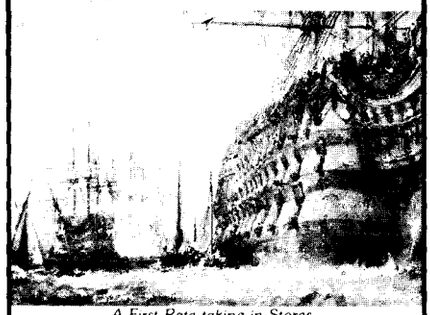

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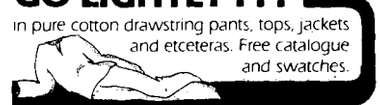
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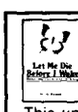
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TRAVELING DIARIST

Maneuvers

MONDAY. If it's Monday, this must be Brussels, and I must be on a junket. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization has decided that the defense of the West requires bringing six editors of small-circulation American magazines to Europe to converse with a succession of diplomats, politicians, generals, and what the mimeographed schedule calls "opinion leaders." Fine. If the NATO people want to get into the business of "subsidizing intellectual curiosity," as Ronald Reagan once put it in a different context, far be it from me to discourage them. Anyway, I'm taking this trip as a gesture of solidarity with my friend and NEW REPUBLIC predecessor, Michael Kinsley, now editor of *Harper's*, who has been absurdly pilloried for accepting a similar freebie. That's my excuse. My traveling companions—Bill Maynes of *Foreign Policy*, James Chace of *Foreign Affairs*, Robert Hunter of the *Washington Quarterly*, Steven Miller of *International Security*, and Ronald Steel, also of TNR—will have to dream up their own. At NATO's Brussels headquarters, among other activities, we are taken to meet a venerable diplomat from one of the smaller European countries who serves as a high official on the "political side" of the Alliance. On the wall is an enormous map; judging from the place names (Congo Belge, Afrique Occidentale Française, Danzig), it appears to have been picked up at a garage sale at the League of Nations. The diplomat wishes to discuss the Falklands affair. He is enthusiastic about Mrs. Thatcher's show of resolve. "She went down there," he says, "and kicked hell out of a bunch of Dagos!" We make our goodbyes hurriedly, as we are late for lunch with the Italian ambassador.

TUESDAY. In Bonn, everyone is flushed with the excitement of the impending change of government. Helmut Schmidt is going out in style: by precipitating his own downfall instead of waiting passively for the Free Democrats to do him in, he has seized the initiative and has practically ensured that his former coalition partners will be grievously punished for their treachery in the next election. Still, the country is probably in for a long period of Christian Democratic rule. Schmidt's defense minister, Hans Apel, is in a mellow mood. "I have become a consumer of news," he says. "The game has passed to the conservatives." The game has also passed to the Greens, with whom, astonishingly, NATO has arranged for us to meet. The Greens' headquarters is just off Beethovenplatz, on a tree-lined street of fine, high-ceilinged houses. They are young and earnest, their style far more American than European: Petra Kelly, the Green Party chairperson, a pretty, blonde gamine, speedy and faintly bossy; Roland Vogt, with the long graying beard and ideological catchphrases of an ex-new left student militant; Joe Leinen, until recently a Social Democratic youth leader, politically savvy and intellectually supple—if ever the Greens decide to cut a deal, Leinen is the type to do the cutting. Sometimes bickering with each other, they speak of appropriate technology, of their support for the rebels in El Salvador, and for the "human rights and national independence movements" in Eastern Europe, above all of their determination to prevent the deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles, by direct action if necessary. We ask them if they understand how disturbing it is for foreigners to hear Germans, even German pacifists, talking about "extraparliamentary means." Petra Kelly replies that civil disobedience is enshrined in the West German constitution—and anyway, weren't the American civil rights and antiwar movements extraparliamentary? It's an unsatisfying response, a debater's point. They bring up their doubts about the Reagan Administration's good faith in the theater arms control negotiations at Geneva. "These talks are not to stop the arms race but to stop the peace movement," Joe Leinen says. Whatever else he's wrong about, he may be right about that.

WEDNESDAY. I'm amazed at the vastness of West Berlin. I'd expected it to feel cramped, claustrophobic, hemmed-in; instead, it's spacious, loose, and alive, with mile after mile of wide, leafy, glittering boulevards. The parks are huge. West Berlin has forests in which wild animals roam.

THURSDAY. Impossible to be prepared for the sight of the Wall. After twenty years of photographs and ten years of détente, it inspires not so much anger as sadness. With its gun towers, its service road for armed patrols, its tank traps, its blank concrete ribbon stretching to the horizon, the Wall is a glum, irrefutable expression of human failure and political desolation. Standing near the Wall at Checkpoint Charlie, I hear the unmistakable muffled clatter of linotype machines coming from a dingy building just on the other side. A fading sign proclaims it the office of *Neue Zeit*, the "newspaper" of the "Christian Democratic Union" of the "German Democratic Republic"—part of East Germany's elaborate facade of phony constitutionalism. We cross into East Berlin and drive through the city. We're in a little, olive-drab bus marked US ARMY, and we're conspicuous. People smile at us with a mixture of friendliness and irony. The newer buildings seem covered by a layer of dust; there are lines outside shops; people's clothes look like they're made of cheesecloth and black vinyl. I stare, fascinated, but we have only an hour—not enough time to learn to see what we're looking at, only to sense that this place is profoundly, mysteriously different. We join a small crowd in front of the squat military memorial on the broad avenue called Unter den Linden. The guard is about to change. Four soldiers approach; they are doing the goose step. Their legs shoot straight out, toes pointed. What is most startling, from three feet away, is the fearsome sound their boots make when they hit the pavement.

FRIDAY. North of Hamburg, near the Baltic coast, NATO is holding joint maneuvers. At a field headquarters, two Danish soldiers greet each other with elaborate mock salutes. A U.S. Marine colonel called Bob Milligan, who looks like Steve McQueen, takes us on a treetop-skimming helicopter trip. We look down at jeeps snaking through the green, prosperous countryside; and when we land Colonel Milligan tells us the umpires have ruled that we were "shot down" by a British unit impersonating the enemy. Finally, a most un-Prussian German officer—he has a luxuriant beard and laughs nonstop—gives us all rides on a tank. One after another, each foreign policy intellectual goes rumbling off. Each returns wearing a silly grin. It's more fun than the pony rides at the zoo.

H.H.

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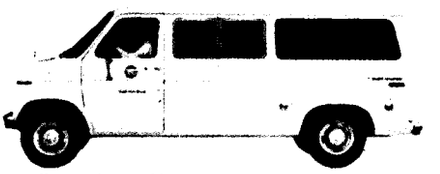

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